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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 106.—Vol. VIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 13, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Beresford*

Another Queen Victoria?

On the Continent, the official announcement of the betrothal of Princess Ena to the young King of Spain is said to be only a question of days. In the event of becoming the King of Spain's Consort, her Highness would reign as Queen Victoria

No. 106.—Vol. VIII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

NEW THEATRE. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
Every evening at 9. Matinée, Wednesday and Saturday, at 3.
"CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE," by H. H. DAVIES.
CHARLES WYNDHAM, MISS MARION TERRY, and MISS MARY MOORE.

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.
THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY at 3, 6 and 9 p.m. "THE CHARICTEERS," London's latest sensation, AT ALL PERFORMANCES. Price 6*d.* to £2 2*s.*

EMPIRE THEATRE. EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
MATINÉE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.
"THE BUGLE CALL,"
A REVUE, By Geo. Grossmith, Junr.
And Specially Selected Varieties. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"Pictures in Colour of Derbyshire and the Peak District." (Jarrold: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Art of Portrait Painting." By the Hon. John Collier. (Cassell: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Why and Wherefore of Bridge." By G. T. Aichison and A. J. G. Lindsell. (Longmans: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"New Collected Rhymes." By Andrew Lang. (Longmans: 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Silly Syclopedia." By Noah Lott. (Dean: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"A Flower Wedding." Designed by Walter Crane. (Cassell: 6*s.*)

"Foster's Bridge in Brief." (Lawrence and Jollicoe: 1*s.* net.)

"A Cypress Grove." By William Drummond. (E. Grant Richards: 6*d.*)

"At Intervals." By B. W. Henderson. (Methuen: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Please, M'm, The Butcher." By Beatrice Guarracino. (Unwin: 6*s.* net.)

"The Decline and Fall of the British Empire." Second Edition. (Simpkin, Marshall: 6*d.*)

"Queer Things about Sicily." By Douglas Sladen and Nora Lorimer. (Treherne: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"A Shooting Catechism." By Col. R. F. Meysey-Thompson. (Arnold: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Round About My Peking Garden." By Mrs. Archibald Little. (Fisher Unwin: 15*s.* net.)

"Admissions and Asides." By A. St. John Adcock. (Elkin Mathews: 1*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.*)

"J. M. W. Turner." By W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A. (Bell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"London Vanished and Vanishing." By P. Norman. (Black: 20*s.* net.)

"Westward Ho!" By Charles Kingsley. Oxford Edition. (Oxford University Press: 2*s.*)

NEW FICTION

"The Pride of the Tristan Herricks." By Ellen Ada Smith. (Digby, Long: 6*s.*)

"The Secretary of State." By H. Maxwell. (Digby, Long: 6*s.*)

"A Pretender." By Annie Thomas. (Digby, Long: 6*s.*)

"The Fulfilment." By Edith Allonby. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"The Face of Juliet." By L. T. Meade. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"The Life Elysian." By R. J. Lees. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Charles of the Great Heart." By Lawrence Mott. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

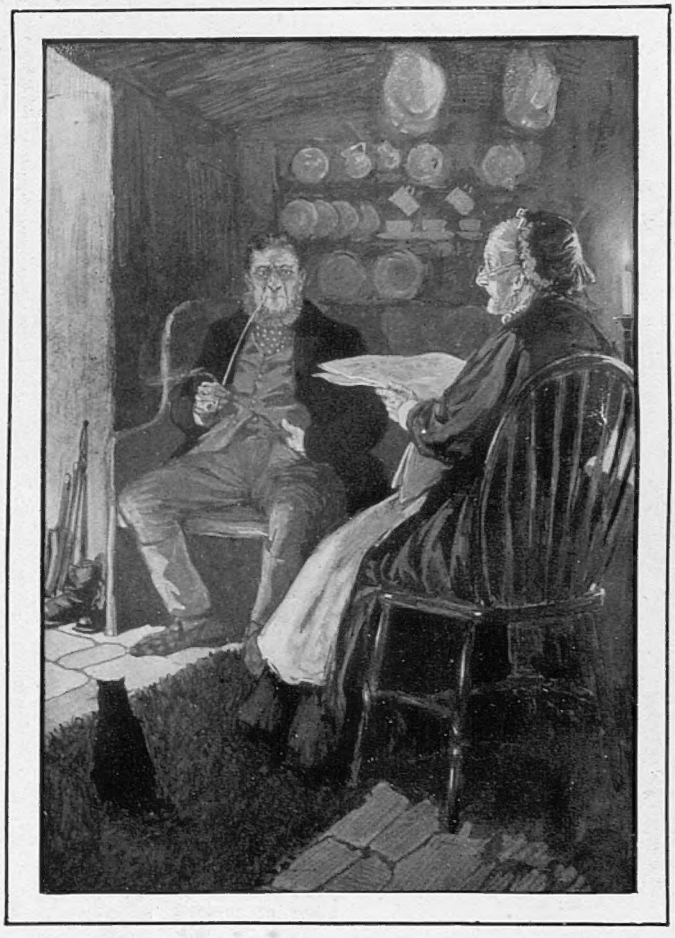
"Wild Cat." By Ina Wye. (Greening: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy." By Charles Major. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Purloined Prince." By Edgar Turner and Reginald Hodder. (The Caxton Press.)

Random Jottings

It is stupid that politics should be forced upon us so near Christmas; but, after all, we have to be governed. But for the fact that somebody is Prime Minister, and somebody else Chancellor of the Exchequer, and someone, again, Lord Privy Seal, we should be unable to play snapdragon in peace or dance with any real equanimity round a Christmas tree. It is a solemn thought, and should make us feel more thankful to Members of Parliament than we often do. Some people are inclined to think that it does not much matter who is Chancellor for the Duchy of Lancaster, or even Secretary for War. They are mistaken. It may not greatly matter who is the Chancellor aforesaid, but the Secretary for War is a highly important person. For, given the right man, it is quite conceivable that the Army will not be reformed more than once a year. And why shouldn't the Army have a rest? No, let us be grateful to our legislators, and sympathetic towards them this Christmastide, when they are all feeling so anxious about their seats.



A little knowledge

"Deary me, John! here's another poor feller runned over by one o' these 'ere autymobubbles!"

"That ain't nothin', mother. They do say as in Rooshia thousands o' poor folks are killed in the streets along o' this 'ere autocar-cy!"

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT.

The labouring man who refused to let his little daughter be made a washerwoman by compulsory attendance at an L.C.C. School laundry-class deserves a testimonial. If only all fathers would take the same view, how many collars might be saved from destruction, how many shirts might return to their owners intact. It is the washerwomen who ruin these things, and if there were no washerwomen, there would be no ruin. Of course, there might be nothing washed either, unless we imported Chinese labour, about which, with the present Government, there might be a difficulty. But, on the other hand, what a lot we might gain! The little girls who grow up to be careless washerwomen, nowadays, might devote their time to music or French, and end by singing into phonographs and spreading the *entente cordiale*. We might become a musical nation instead of merely a clean one. The L.C.C. has no business to interfere with this glorious possibility.

Why will people dispute sensible wills? The question forces itself upon us at times, as, for example, last week, when the will of Mr. McCaig, a banker of Oban, was disputed. Mr. McCaig left the whole of a considerable fortune for the erection of statues of himself and his relatives on his estate at Oban. Had he desired only statues of himself to be erected, he might have been counted a monomaniac. But he did not. Statues of his relatives are also to be put up. The Kaiser has already done this in the Sieges Allee at Berlin, and no one—at least, not everyone—considers him mad. The motives were probably similar in both cases. Mr. McCaig and the Kaiser considered that their statues and the statues of their relations are ornamental. Mr. McCaig, no doubt, thought the landscape about Oban dull. He wished to alter it. Instead of only trees and things about that estate of his, there will be statues of himself and his relatives, reminding one of bankers. Scottish scenery has always been noted for its picturesqueness, and now that the Edinburgh Court of Sessions has found in favour of Mr. McCaig's will, there should be no falling off in this respect, at any rate around Oban.

A correspondent sends us the following little fairy tale, entitled :—

Winston's Stocking: A Story of Santa Claus (C.-B.)

It was just before Christmas, and Winston, of course, had hung his stocking at the end of his little bed. "I wonder what Santa Claus will put into it," he said to himself, looking with some scorn at the stockings which the other children had hung up. "I guess, if it doesn't contain something good, I'll let Santa Claus know." With that he went to sleep, and Santa Claus (C.-B.), who had waited for this opportunity, slipped into the room, and began shoving the presents into the different stockings. He was a little flustered, because there were so many stockings hung there, and so few things to put into them. "Edward must have something, and so must John, and the others," he murmured, and put things in accordingly. He did it as quickly and noiselessly as he could, but, try as he could, he woke up Winston.

"Hullo!" said Winston, rubbing his eyes. "Is that you?"

"No," said Santa Claus (C.-B.), hoping he was not awake enough to find out.

"Who is it, then?"

"Nobody!"

But Winston was much too wide awake to believe that.

"What have you put in my stocking?" he demanded, loudly.

"N—nothing," said Santa Claus, in alarm, and making a slight run for the door. But Winston intercepted him——

"Look here," he said. "None of that. What are you going to put in?"

"Nothing," said Santa Claus, trying to look dignified. "You're too little, at present. Now, don't cry, my boy."

"I don't intend to," said Winston.

"That's right," said Santa Claus.

"What I do intend to do," said Winston, firmly, "is to become a Fenian. A Conservative Fenian—unless——"

"Unless what——?"

"You put something in my stocking—something big too."

"But I haven't got anything left."

"Then look out," said Winston.

"I'll give you something next year," said Santa Claus, hurriedly. "Really big. I can't now. You see that. I would if I could—I must go now."

Winston looked at him with a thoughtful eye.

"You don't mind, do you?" said Santa Claus, imploringly.

"Well," said Winston, "I'll see. It'll have to be jolly soon."

"Rather," said Santa Claus and hurried off while he could. "I really am afraid it will have to be soon," he said to himself, as he went on his way. "His father all over—that boy."

Miss Marie Corelli snapshotted at last!

Miss Marie Corelli's objection to the camera is so well known that it is almost with a pang of pity that we publish her failure to make the safe portals of Portman Rooms, Baker Street (where a Shakespearean Bazaar was in progress), without falling a victim to the ubiquitous snapshotter

A Correction and Apology

In our issue of November 15, under the title of "The Sub-Dean and Spurious Sherry," we told a story with reference to the Bishop of London related by Dr. Sheppard, and we stated how the Sub-Dean ascertained that the Verger of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, had been substituting for Royal Madeira a bottle of the cheapest sherry.

We regret to state that there was an unfortunate inaccuracy in our story as to the time when this occurrence took place. We stated that it happened some few years ago, not long after Dr. Sheppard was appointed Sub-Dean, whereas it should have read "before Dr. Sheppard was appointed Sub-Dean."

Owing to this inaccuracy, Mr. William Hebblethwaite, the present Verger of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, complains that the article, as written, refers to him. We do not agree with Mr. Hebblethwaite's construction of the language used, inasmuch as our article expressly stated that the Verger referred to was dismissed, while, as is well known, Mr. Hebblethwaite is the present Verger at the Chapel Royal. Nevertheless, we greatly regret the inaccuracy, and that occasion should have arisen for Mr. Hebblethwaite to complain, and we offer him our apologies.

The Topictator

A dead "cert"

THE EX-P.M.: "Now, if I were a betting man, I should lay fifty to one—in golf balls—that every caricaturist in the world is drawing me doing this"

The last hope

NEW ZEALANDER: "Come on, there's room for you, too!"
TAFFY (*excited*): "Indeed, no to goodness, whatever"

C.-(B.) was a cabinet-maker

"Fittin' these warious drawers into their warious grooves takes a bit o' doin', I tell yer"

Overheard at a meeting of unemployed, during a speech by the eloquent, but illogical, Mr. J. E. Widiams)

"Makes yer laugh, don't 'e?"
"Not 'arf—better'n a pantomime'

Starting early

"Gimme that jam!"
"That's not the way to——"
"Gimme that jam! or I'll make it hot for ye'

Woman

By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

So you are false; that I should write the word!

False to the very pearls about your neck, false to the very coil that crowns your head, false to the very damask on your cheek.

One day I walked unheeding in a certain street, ladies to right of me, ladies to left of me, onward I blundered; nor ever dared to lift my eyes, fearing that I might succumb to the frail beauty of an Unknown.

Fate, in an evil moment, chucked me under my chin, and, just as a line of shops began, I looked.

When I look back upon my life and see the sweet stretch of days before that evil moment, it seems that I had never looked upon a woman with any eye but that of admiration and respect, but now——

It appeared, when I began to look, that it must be a day of strange excitement; all the windows of the shops were plastered with the word "Sale," printed in every contortion of the printer's art.

Here I saw, as I paced that line of shops from end to end, Woman, dismembered piece by piece, all her arts and subtleties exposed to public gaze and cheapened (cheapened!) to fractions of a penny for the throng to see.

Here, displayed with all the cunning of the Serpent, were things no man may name without a blush, and, furthermore, those very things spelt out in capitals

Forms, enclosed in the hard grip of whalebone, silk and other sundries, showed their pink satin effrontéries in splendour unabashed.

We know that old gentleman

VERY IGNORANT OLD GENTLEMAN *(blown in somehow)*: "These are the——?"
BYSTANDER: "The New Zealanders"
V.I.O.G.: "Ah, of course; and they are playing against——"
BYSTANDER: "Middlesex"
V.I.O.G. *(after a pause)*: "Football, I presume?"
BYSTANDER: "No. Kiss in the ring"

Without a blush, sweet girls fought at the entrance to a place where stockings showed stretched on artificial limbs and at the knee—I blush to own to knowledge of such things—were topped by articles which I prefer to call *les honi-soit-qui-mal-y-pense.*

I saw her teeth, her pearly teeth to which I wrote sonnets in my youth, cased in a glass compartment labelled "Cheap."

I saw that faint, frail odour I have held, till now, so dear, heaped in a box and marked "Reduction."

I peered at the secrets of her bath, all bare to the street, behind plate glass. I saw her fringe, her *toupée* and her coronal plait under the heading of "Extraordinary Value"

What did I not see in a blaze of light? Things which robbed me of the secrets of my heart, sent my soul fluttering, my senses all astray.

I had understood that it was only by the most humble and patient inquiry that we could arrive at the secrets of Nature and the profound mysteries of the Universe; that Woman was the most secret and incomprehensible of all creatures; but now I know that this was youthful folly.

Woman is eleven shillings and eightpence three farthings, and she is ten and sixpence halfpenny, and four and three, and so many guineas.

She now feels her hold over Man to be so supreme that she causes her artifices to be made public; she scorns deception; her figure is no longer her own; her complexion varies with the market; her lingerie is washed by Oxford men and exhibited in Galleries. She is triumphant, unashamed, bare.

Well, my erstwhile heroines, I know now the secret of that stately, solemn rustle as you march up the central aisle in church; your fireside hint of dainty toes is nothing, now that I know the price of your shoes.

As long as the world lives on hints it is a happy world, we want no explanations—leave us our poetry, grant us our imaginations, and let brave men come forward who will form a crusade against these shop-window revelations, with their inartistic prices and their shattering surprises.

To return, out of breath almost, to my starting point: I walked this row of shops from end to end and steeped myself neck high in awful knowledge, and seeing Woman inch by inch her secret gone, her charms displayed, I ventured then to look, straight in the face, at one fair creature who bore towards me with her arms full of neat parcels.

"There you go," I thought, "a bargain from head to foot, and in your arms are crafts and wiles to catch some silly youth, to decoy some trusting, simple being like myself."

Then it came to me, as it were in a flash. Here is the reason for our modern novel. Here is the key to a hundred riddles. Woman now gains admiration, it is true, but little love. Men are not marrying as they were used to do, and why? Who would not admire the intricate mechanism and the reckless cost of modern Woman, who has observed, as I did, in the shop windows?

But who can love so false a being, or desire to protect so many valuables at once; it is more akin to being an Art Patron.

So our novels show Woman in a hard, cold, heartless light; our Stage shows Woman as a Problem; wise novelists, wise play-writers. Our Art——what use this talk?

Woman, with all thy faults I love thee still, only, and I am most serious, let me see *a little less of you.*

Cabinet Making

OR "C.-B." AND HIS CALLERS, FROM MINUTE TO MINUTE

Lord Tweedmouth
The Rt. Hon. Herbert H. Asquith
Callers at 29, Belgrave Square

The Rt. Hon. Herbert Gladstone
The Rt. Hon. C. R. Spencer
Callers at 29, Belgrave Square

(*From our representative on the doorstep of 29, Belgrave Square.*)

5.10 a.m.—No signs of life at 29, Belgrave Square. A cat is, however, sitting on the doorstep of No. 28.

5.23 a.m.—The cat has been joined by a friend, and both are now deep in consultation. No special significance is attached to the meeting.

6.10 a.m.—Both cats have disappeared in the direction of Victoria.

6.37 a.m.—A milk-cart (No. 27, Welbury Dairy Coy.), driven by a typical cockney milkman, has just driven up.

6.50 a.m.—A typical 'tweenie maid has taken in the milk. She seemed in excellent health and spirits, and smiled repeatedly, and bowed her acknowledgments.

7.15 a.m.—Blinds are being pulled up by means of cords manipulated from within.

Later—(*From our Lamp-post Observer*).

8.35 a.m.—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has just come down to breakfast. He is looking fit and well, and none the worse for his night's sleep.

8.37 a.m.—Sir Henry is partaking of an egg. There is a plentiful supply of toast and other comestibles upon the table.

9.15 a.m.—Sir Henry has left the room, but has taken some letters.

10.5 a.m.—A footman in livery has opened the front door. [*Several columns of description of the front door are omitted.*]

The footman has been blowing a cab-whistle for some time.

10.30 a.m.—A typical hansom cab has just raced up—(No. 21,376). The cabman is wearing an irreproachable bowler hat.

10.35 a.m.—Sir Henry is coming down the steps one at a time. He has got his boots on, and is wearing a coat which was made specially for him, with side pockets and buttoning down the front.

OFF!

10.36 a.m.—Sir Henry has told the driver where he wishes to go.

10.36½ a.m.—Sir Henry is actually *in* the cab. The doors have closed.

10.36¾ a.m.—The driver is whipping up his horse!

THE WHEELS ARE GOING ROUND!!

THEY'RE OFF!!!

[For further details see later editions.]

Photos by

Illustrations Bureau

The New Liberal Cabinet

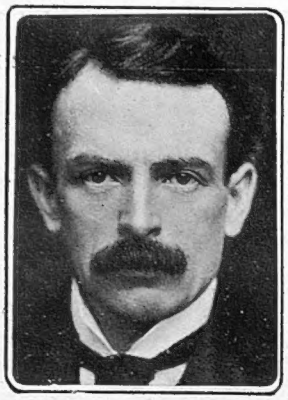


Photo by Beresford

Mr. Lloyd-George
President of the Board of Trade

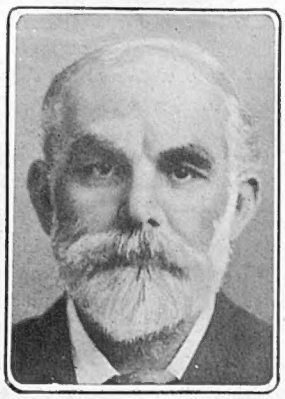


Photo by Russell

Mr. John Burns
President of the Local Government Board

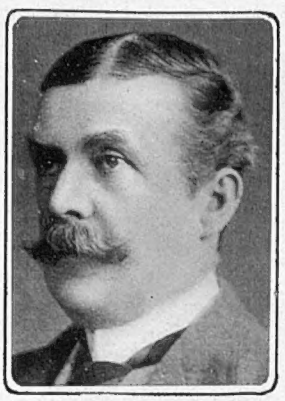


Photo by Starling

Earl Carrington
President of the Board of Agriculture

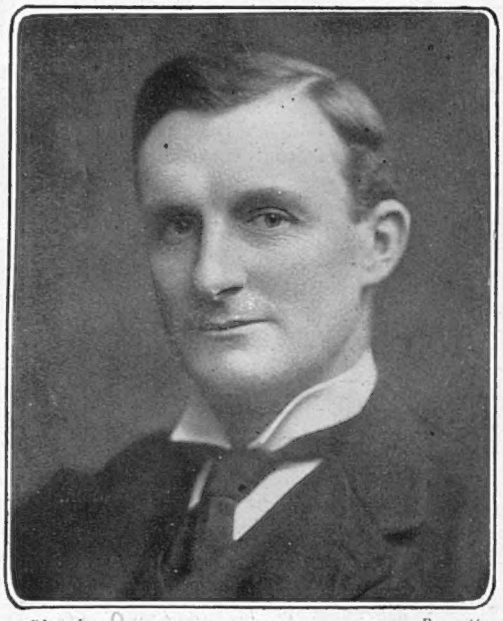


Photo by Barnett

Sir Edward Grey
Foreign Secretary

Photo by Elliott and Fry

Sir Robert Reid
Lord Chancellor

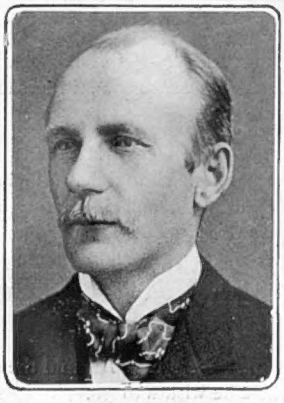


Photo by Bassano

Mr. Sydney Buxton
Postmaster-General

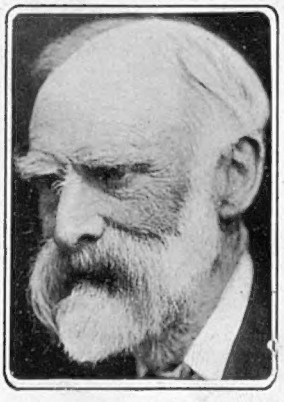


Photo by Beresford

Mr James Bryce
Chief Secretary for Ireland

The New Liberal Cabinet

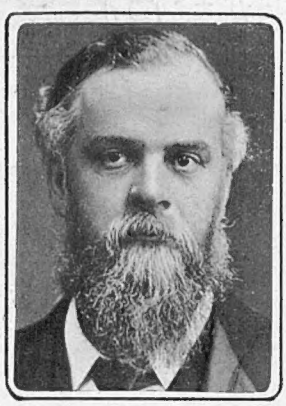


Photo by Thomson
Earl of Elgin
Colonial Secretary

Photo b Beresford
Mr. R. B. Haldane
War Secretary

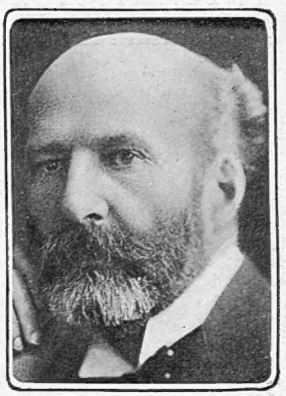


Photo by H. Walter Barnett
Lord Tweedmouth
First Lord of the Admiralty

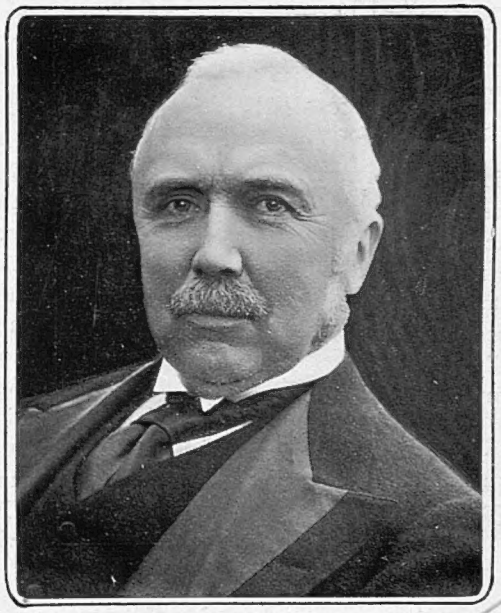


Photo by Russell
Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman
First Lord of the Treasury and Prime Minister

Photo by Beresford
Mr. Herbert Gladstone
Home Secretary

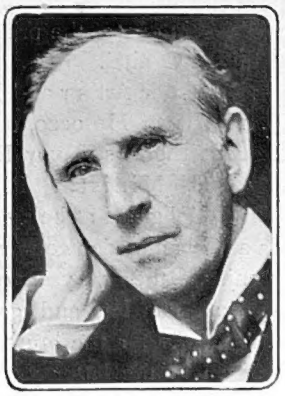


Photo by Beresford
Mr. John Morley
Indian Secretary

Photo by Beresford
Mr. Asquith
Chancellor of the Exchequer

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

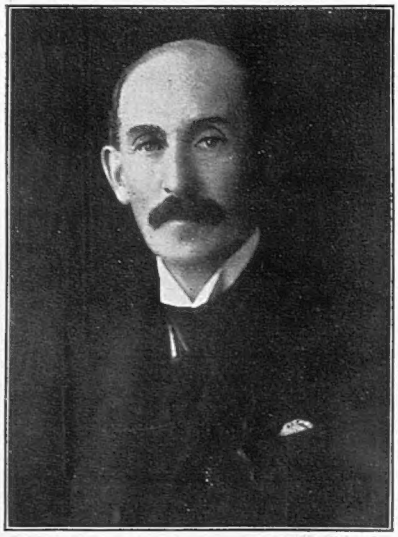


Photo by *Amy Cassels*

Sir Arthur Nicolson, Bart.

Ambassador to Russia, and Envoy to the Morocco Conference

Sir Arthur Nicolson

Sir Arthur Nicolson, who, prior to taking up his duties as Ambassador to the Russian Court in place of Sir Charles Hardinge, has been appointed to be British representative at the forthcoming Morocco Conference at Algeciras, is specially qualified to deal with a thorny Oriental problem, in which he will be pitted against the wily German Count Tattenbach, in league with the wilier Moorish envoys. After a youthful training in the Navy—on the *Britannia*—and a spell at Berlin as third Secretary, he secured great opportunities for intimate study of Eastern statesmanship, having held for some years the post of *chargé d'affaires* at Teheran during the tenure of the Vice-Royalty of India by his brother-in-law, Lord Dufferin. He has also been Diplomatic Agent in Buda-Pesth and Bulgaria, holding the latter office during the very unsettled period of that country's history (1894 and 1895) which culminated in the assassination of M. Stambuloff, the Prime Minister, while driving in one of the principal streets of the Capital.

From Sofia Sir Arthur and Lady Nicolson went to Morocco, on his appointment there as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. Delighted at being once more in a Mohammedan country, he keenly enjoyed the first years of his residence at Tangier, and gained golden opinions for the great tact he displayed in the latter years of his stay there under changing conditions.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. H. F. Compton, M.P.

The Unionist victor at the New Forest election last week, who, however, will never take his seat in the Parliament to which he has been elected, and must needs fight again in, perhaps a month's time, at the General Election

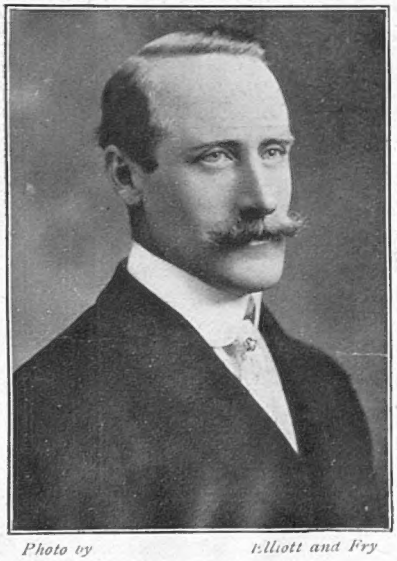


Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Willoughby de Eresby, M.P.

A popular Conservative M.P. (Horncastle), a keen shot, and enthusiastic huntsman, who was married last week

Another Queen Victoria?

The persistent rumour of the betrothal of Princess Henry of Battenberg's pretty only daughter to the young King of Spain gains ground, and on the Continent, in Paris and Madrid, the official announcement of this most important and interesting engagement is said to be only a question of days! Queen Victoria's favourite grand-daughter, literally brought up at the late Sovereign's knee, is the god-daughter and namesake of the Empress Eugénie, and has been a great deal with that most romantic and pathetic

Photo by *H. W. Barnett*

Lady Nicolson

Wife of the new Ambassador to the Russian Court

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Lady Willoughby de Eresby

Née Eloise Breese, of New York, whose marriage with Lord Willoughby de Eresby took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on December 6

A NOTABLE WEDDING AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER

A Cathedral on the Stage

Royal lady, who is, it will be remembered, herself Spanish. Thus, the Princess, who will, it is thought, be the King of Spain's Consort, and reign as Queen Victoria, already knows something of the great country with which her fate may soon be so closely linked, and if the marriage comes to pass, we may be sure that it will, in a measure, be owing to the good offices of the widow of Napoleon III. Alphonso XIII. made the acquaintance of Princess "Ena," as she is familiarly called, during his recent visit to England. The marriage of Princess Ena would be a sad loss to the Isle of Wight, where she has spent by far the greater part of her childhood and girlhood, and where her kindly, unaffected manners and goodness of heart have made her universally beloved.

Photo by *Lafayette*

The Hon. Mrs. Herbert Dixon

Née Ina Bingham, second daughter of Lady Clanmorris, and whose marriage to the youngest son of Sir Daniel Dixon took place recently

The Hon. Mrs. Herbert Dixon

A charming new hostess is to be added to military society in the person of Mrs. Herbert Dixon, the second daughter of Lord and Lady Clanmorris, whose marriage last month brought together a great gathering of Irish folk to Bangor, Co. Down. Mrs. Dixon was one of three sisters, and she has been, since her début, one of the beauties of the Viceregal Court. She and Captain Dixon are both keenly interested in sport, and the little pages who officiated at this pretty country wedding were each presented by the bride with a gold pin in the form of a fox's head. Bangor Castle, where Lady Clanmorris held a great reception after the ceremony, is one of Ireland's historic country seats. Captain Herbert Dixon, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, is the youngest son of Sir Daniel Dixon, a well-known Irish baronet.

Mlle. Ghita Corri

Mlle. Ghita Corri, the famous prima donna and oratorio singer, who has done so much to bring crowded houses to the Lyceum to hear her lovely voice in the big and very realistic Cathedral scena, in which she sings "The Holy City" and the celebrated Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," is the daughter of the late Henry Corri, principal baritone at Covent Garden, and great grand-daughter of the composer, Domenico Corri, the friend of Haydn and founder of the Philharmonic Society, which so soon befriended Beethoven. She has won triumphs in grand opera, in oratorio, and on the concert platform; as, when quite young, she toured or appeared with Sir Charles Hallé, Foli, Piatti, Joachim, Hollman, Janotha, etc., and, on one occasion, in the centre transept of the Crystal Palace, had the unique distinction of being accompanied by

Photo by *Photo Press*

A Wonderful Stage Set: The Cathedral Scena at the Lyceum

In which Mlle. Ghita Corri, the prima donna, sings "The Holy City" and the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria"

The Tsarevitch's Armed Nurses

Paderewski in "Let the Bright Seraphim." In the sacred scena she is now playing at the Lyceum, she gives two distinct and entirely different impersonations: one of the devout, dark-haired acolyte boy, who sings "The Holy City" in the Cathedral stall; and then, after a marvellously quick and effective change of *eleven seconds*, appears as a fair-haired maiden in flowing garments of white, who enters down the aisle and, in anguished emotion, sings the beautiful "Ave Maria," with which, amid imposing electrical and lighting effects, the scena reverentially closes. In private life, Mlle. Corri is the wife of Mr. Neville Lynn, author and dramatist.

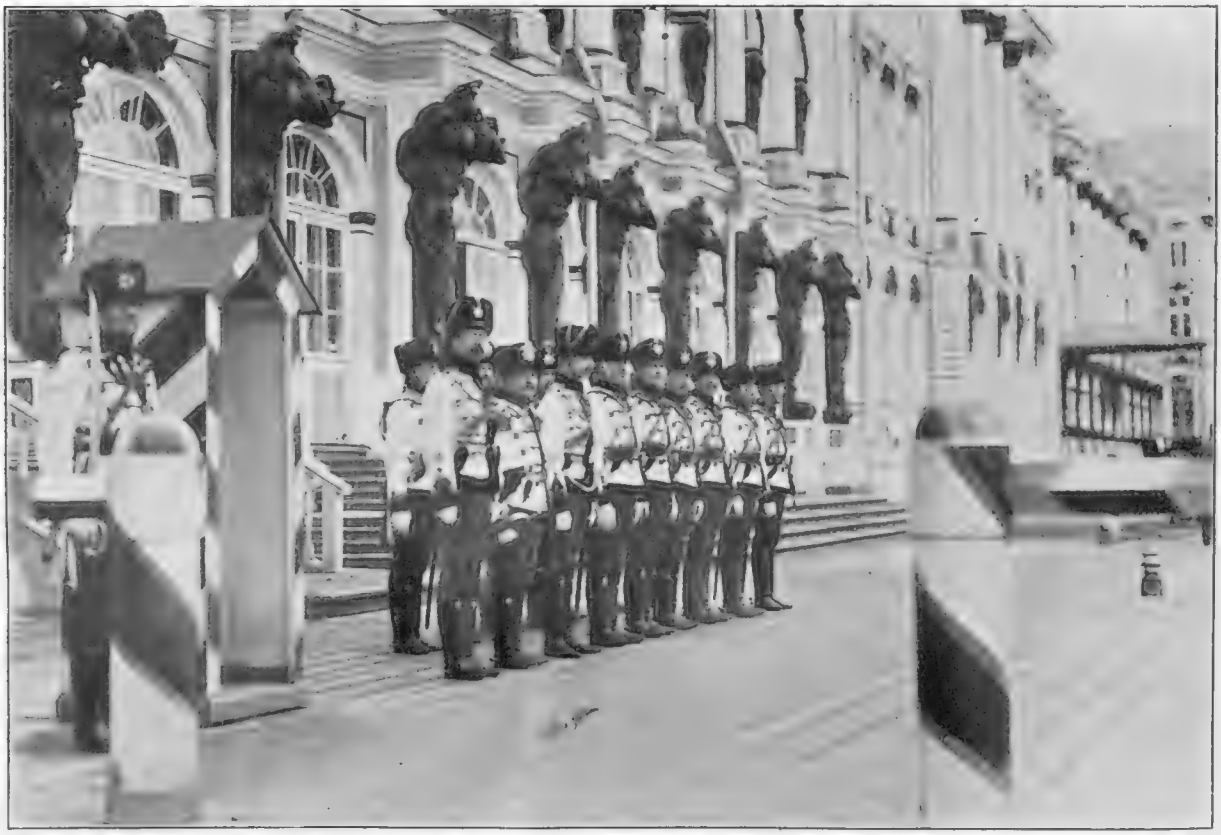
The Deer of Newfoundland

Mr. F. C. Selous, the mighty hunter of South African big game, and sometime Rhodesian warrior, has just returned from trying his luck in a new country—Newfoundland. He had one month's sport with caribou, a species of reindeer of magnificent proportions; but owing to the laws of Newfoundland, by which one huntsman may not slay more than three of the animals, Mr. Selous's bag was not a large one. This law, by the way, is not the only obstacle to sport in the island. One must bear in mind that, some six months ago, three thousand square miles of land, including a noble and favourite sporting and fishing country, particularly noted for deer hunting, passed "in perpetuity" into the hands of "Messrs. Harmsworth, of London." By fencing in the concession, the Harmsworths will be able to capture the Newfoundland deer with almost the same facility that they capture newspapers in England—and, no doubt, with as beneficial results. The country, with its forests and watercourses, is to be used to set up a large paper-making industry, and it is with no small concern that the Colonists view the prospect of their beautiful country being knocked into pulp. The terms of the concessions granted to the Harmsworths give them a sovereignty over a portion of British territory such as Nicholas II., at his worst, never had over Russia, and compared with which the rule of Nero was a mild, beneficent, weak-kneed democracy. In fact, it is expected that, to visit Newfoundland in the near future, it will be necessary to get a passport *visé* at Carmelite House

Photo by Maul and Fox

Mr. F. C. Selous

The famous big game hunter



A heavy responsibility—the Tsarevitch's armed nurses

This band of men, picked from the Hussars, daily escorts the baby carriage of the Tsar's heir through the palace grounds and gardens when the child is taken out for an airing by its nurses

A Little Known British Colony

Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland

St. John's is the port nearest to Europe on the American Continent, and Newfoundland may be said to be, with the exception of "Gib" and Malta, the nearest of our Colonies, though one of the least known. St. John's, however, did its best to attract attention some thirteen years ago by getting almost entirely destroyed by fire

View of St. John's, from the corner of the Bank of Montreal

SCENES FROM

"A Midsummer Night's Dream"

AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE

Mr. Walter Hampden (*Oberon*) | **Miss Roxy Barton** (*Titania*) | **Miss Beatrice Ferrar** (*Puck*)

OBERON: What thou seest, when thou dost wake
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love, and anguish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.

Photos by *Ellis and Walery*

Titania and Bottom, the Weaver, in his ass's head

TITANIA: Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no

THE PLAYHOUSES

"THE INDECISION OF MR. KINGSBURY" AT THE HAYMARKET

In the ordinary comedy the passages which draw our tears are cunningly intermingled with those which raise our laughter. The comedy-maker is an artist who knows how to use the stops so as to avoid monotony. The author of *The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury* has gone very differently to work. He has divided his play into two parts, making the first half all light and the second half all serious. Fortunately for the fortunes of the play, the serious element is much the more engrossing, and when the humorous situations brought about by the great Undecider have begun to flag, and there seems nothing in front of us but a repetition of them, the author, as if aware that he has been trifling overlong, suddenly plunges us into the ethics of a marriage which is almost rendered a ghastly failure by the fatal indecision of the husband. In the early part of the play the hero is undecided about wall-papers; later, he cannot decide how to treat his extravagant, flirtatious wife.

An Indecisive Play

But the indecision of the principal character is nothing compared with the indecisiveness of the play. Having arrived at this word indecisiveness, it is a good opportunity to remark that the word would be better employed in the title of the play than indecision; because it is Kingsbury's quality of being undecided which makes the central motive of the play. However, this is a digression. The main point is that Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, besides adapting for himself an excellent part—the philandering Fouchard—has done his work exceedingly well. He has provided Mr. Charles Hawtrey with a rôle the diametric opposite of those in which the public love to recall him. A really good lie is the one spoken without a trace of hesitation. Mr. Hawtrey, so long the ideal polite liar on the boards, is now become the man who painfully stammers a truth when it is too late to be of much avail.

An Admirable Cast

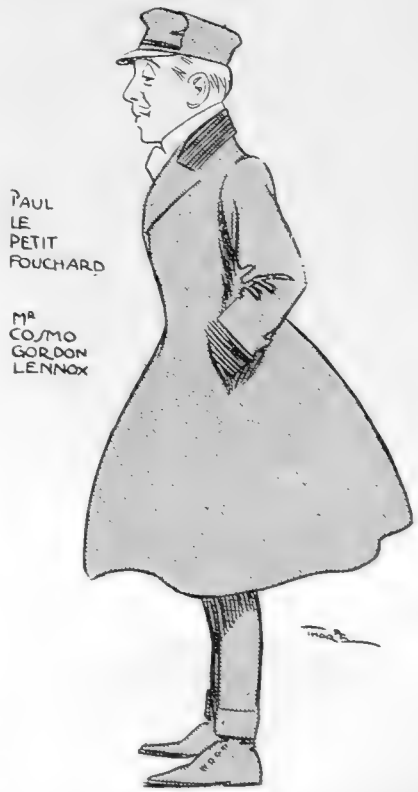
Besides the principal character there are some incisive (I had nearly written indecisive) characters in the adaptation neatly played by the members of a most admirable cast. Le Petit Fouchard, of the irreproachable Anglo-French accent, has been mentioned. He was the bright particular spark of the light side of the play. Miss Fanny Brough, as the mamma of the indecisive one, scored most in the serious latter half of the play.

The Triumph of Miss Brough

Indeed, the last act absolutely belongs to her. She reigns Queen of three excellent scenes. To her comes first her distressed son, Arthur Kingsbury, labouring under the consequences of his indecision as regards Fouchard and his wife. At once she is the mother who has got him out of his boyish scrapes and supplies all the strength in which he is so sadly lacking. There is a touch of real sentiment in the scene between mother and son. Next comes Le Petit Fouchard, and there is exhibited another side of her character. She meets the tame cat on his ground and out-purrs him with such success as to leave him no course but to go whence he came. The last comer is her daughter-in-law, who has come in amazement to learn the real inwardness of the one decisive act on the part of her husband, his unexpected flight from their home. Again, the elder woman is complete mistress of the situation. She suffers an insult from the younger woman with such quiet dignity as to conquer her, and the two women fall in each other's arms.

Truly, the last act belongs to Miss Fanny Brough, who, so often the arch comedienne of the lighter side of a play, now shows herself as the mainstay of a play's more serious elements.

Mr. Holman Clark gave a fine touch of originality to a very commonplace part — the Earl of Cardiff — by rounding off his sententious periods with an amazing and most mirth-provoking snort.



The Palace

If you like the flavour of *Sauce piquante Americaine* in your variety bill of fare, go to the Palace and see Abie Mitchell and her Tennessee Students. My land! don't they just make things hum, these students of the mandoiin, the guitar, the viol, the hoop-her-up step-dance, and the deliberate discord (they call them "barber shop" chords in the States apparently, beca se it is cutting things a bit fine). The chief charm of these merry darkies is the whole-hearted enjoyment which the'r own show affords them. When they dance with the speed of, and with no more noise than, figures in the bioscope, they grin at the audience as who might say, "This ain't so dusty," and the audience reply in effect "That's no dream neither, the show's clean out of sight." Then enters Abie herself, with a step which brushes the top layer of fluff off the stage carpet; and when she sings she hits the notes with a delicate "plop," which reminds one of marbles falling on a solitaire board, so truly do they get home.

Yes, Abie Mitchell and her Tennessee Students are the limit of perfection.

Another American turn is provided by Miss Nora Bayes, a very clever girl, who sings a song in praise of the place where the Wurzburger flows, which sadly puzzled a good section of the audience. I have my doubts whether the majority of them could have translated Stein and Rathskeller into English.

The Bioscope is going very strong, and shows a constant succession of topical subjects, the latest being the landing of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Bombay, and the all-conquering New Zealanders.

Where Shall We Go To-Night?

"Bystander" Theatre Guide

His Majesty's, at 8: *Oliver Twist.*—Last nights.

Garrick, at 8: *The Merchant of Venice.*—Well over the fiftieth night mark.

Adelphi, at 8: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*—Seems paradoxical, but this is an ideal Christmassy production.

Wyndham's, at 8.45: *Public Opinion.*—An amusing farce, with one situation running through three acts without slowing down.

New, at 9: *Captain Drew* is drawing.

Court, at 8.15: *Major Barbara.*—Entertaining discussion by G. B. S. Oh, why does Bill Walker bash sweet Jenny Hill?

Imperial, at 8.15: *The Temptation of Samuel Burge.*—Amusing farce by W. W. Jacobs and Frederick Fenn. At 8.45: *The Perfect Lover.*—An ethical play, with good situations and well acted.

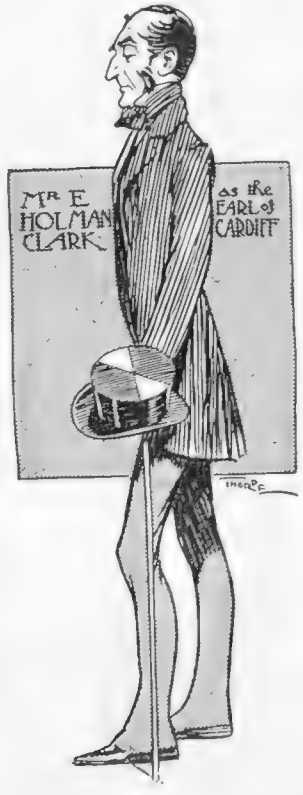
Scala, at 8: *Mrs. Grundy.*—Domestic play, with sentimental interludes. Master Herbert Hollom a wonderful stage child.

Apollo, at 8.15: *Mr. Popple (of Ippleton)* is Mr. Huntley in his best form, as a countryman in London.

Waldorf, at 8.45: *Lights Out.*—A strong dish, though adapter omitted to put in Teutonic flavouring.

Great Queen Street Theatre: The German Company.—Always worth a visit.

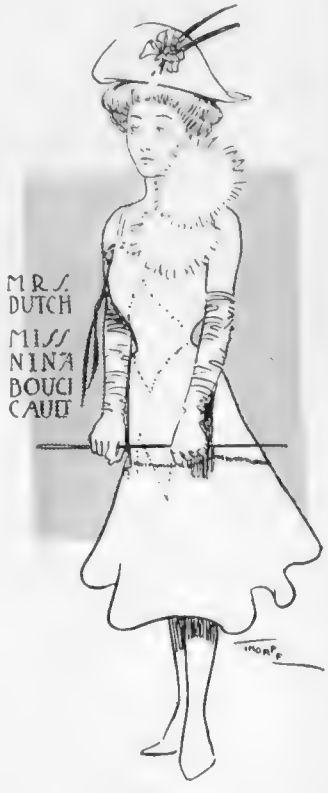
Musical plays at Daly's, Criterion, Gaiety, Lyric.—Take them in order named.



The Gentle Art of Controversy

Not all differences of opinion between leading dramatists are couched in the gentle spirit of raillery with which the newspaper controversy between my dear Carton and my dear Jones was imbued. Arising out of Mr. Jones's dictum, that English theatre-goers had neglected Serious Drama (caps, O printer!) for Tomfoolery, the controversy has arrived at the stage when there lay upon Mr. Carton the onus of disproving the accusation that his grandfather's cook was hanged for sheep stealing. It is no little disappointment to us that Mr. Carton in his final word shirked the issue, leaving a dark cloud of suspicion resting upon a worthy man.

E. C. S.



This is not Miss Marie Tempest—

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

—but her sister, Miss Florence Tempest

Who plays the part of Nelly Tudor in *The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury*, the new Haymarket play. Her striking resemblance to her celebrated sister will be at once noticed

Matters Musical

The Beardless Busoni

Some two years ago Signor Busoni was dealt with in our "Concerning" series. So excellent was the criticism then put forward that it seems scarcely becoming to attempt any addition to it, save in connection with some new fact "concerning" Busoni. There is this new fact—Busoni has removed his beard. This may strike the serious reader as a frivolous fact, but my excuse is that, in becoming a beardless Busoni, the pianist has deliberately changed his pose, and now seeks to appeal to the British public in a different character. I am confirmed in this impression in that Busoni selected, at his performance at the last Queen's Hall Symphony Concert, Liszt's Concerto in A Major. Now the Busoni of this Concerto, and that of the Beethoven, the Bach, or the Mozart work, are two different persons—a Jekyll and a Hyde. Busoni has been, for years, Jekylling before the public, a good, sound, conscientious interpreter of severe classical leanings, who has spurned the specious virtuoso tricks which have filled houses for a dozen rivals in the last few years.

LANDLADY: "Look 'ere, Mr. Blowe, if you're a-goin' to practise that thing, you'll 'ave to leave"
MR. BLOWE: "That's ju t what I'm thinking, Mrs. Gubbins. The room's much too small"

Dr. Jekyll becomes Mr. Hyde

In playing this Liszt work, Busoni throws off the Jekyll and becomes the Hyde. From beginning to end of Liszt in A there is not one righteous musical thought. It is sheer wickedness throughout, evil in its inception, and diabolical in its working out. Busoni, on Saturday week, made no attempt whatever to palliate the sheer viciousness of the work. By playing it, as he does everything, thoughtfully, he simply made the concerto more deliberate in its devilry, and made Liszt out a worse man than even I have hitherto supposed. And in playing as an encore Liszt's setting of Schubert's Hungarian March, and playing it with monstrous brilliance and nefarious technique, he simply confirmed me in my impression that he has decided no longer to pose before the British public as the pianist with the beard, and the pure white soul. He is going to have crowded houses when he comes over here, and no longer content himself with esteem and honour. And I am heartily glad. For if virtuosity in music, as distinct from mere virtue, is to be the rule, and evidences clearly show that it is, it is as well it should be done by the best artist, and that, without doubt, is Signor Busoni.

Mr. Wood, Plain and Coloured

Mr. Henry J. Wood, who conducted the Queen's Hall Orchestra at the same concert, was, I am glad to say, not in his element. By this I mean he was not conducting those works with which he, unhappily, made his early reputation—certain selections from Wagner, a very well-known overture by Tschaikowsky, and one or two other strenuous pieces of music. Long ago, before Londoners as a body even thought of listening to "good" music, Mr. Wood was a man with a mission, and in order to convert the man in the street he adopted certain methods of Salvation which, I am sure, were not really to his artistic taste. He attracted people to the Queen's Hall by means of blood and thunder. The crashes in the "Walkürenritt," the bells in "1812," represent the lesser Mr. Wood — the halfpenny Mr. Wood, if I may say so.

A Memorable Performance

There is an infinitely greater Mr. Wood than this, whom we meet, quietly, at some of the Symphony Concerts, and often on Sunday afternoons in his own hall, when he knows that his public is critical, and *not* smoking, and when there are no palms and plashing fountains to theatricalise the atmosphere. At such concerts, Mr. Wood spurns cheap effects, and reveals himself to us as a veritable giant of the orchestra. For instance, his rendering of Dvorák's "New World" Symphony was a revelation to his hearers the other day. Until this occasion it has not been manifest to me how ideally Dvorák depicts the musical atmosphere of the backwoods and idealises negro music out of all association with "cake-walk" and "rag-time." Mr. Wood's *pianissimi* in the slow movement, his clear, crisp, and forceful rendering of the finale, left a memorable impression.

A Scotch Baritone

An interesting London début, to be made at the Æolian Hall, on Saturday, the 16th inst., is that of the young Scottish baritone, Mr. Andrew Betts, who will be assisted in a very attractive programme by the British Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Betts has recently been studying in Paris and London under Mons. Raoul de Lacroix, whose methods of tuition in grand opera and voice-production have achieved such remarkable results.

V. C.

The King's Training Stables at Newmarket

A Famous Derby Recalled

As the horses came round Tattenham Corner there was a hush of suppressed excitement in the dense throngs watching the race. But as they came nearer and nearer to the winning-post the excitement could restrain itself no longer. The populace simply roared encouragement to the two grand specimens of thoroughbreds, and to their jockeys, both sitting firm in the saddle, and riding hard with their hands, though seemingly less excited than the assembled multitude. One horse belonged to the then Prince of Wales, and the second to another highly popular sportsman, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. Inch by inch they fought out that last tiring furlong. St. Frusquin was in front, but gradually Persimmon's longer stride told its tale, and in the end he won by a neck one of the greatest struggles ever seen on the Turf. And when our present King came down from the Royal box to lead in his gallant horse, the scene of enthusiasm was absolutely unparalleled. It was the first Royal Derby for more than one hundred years, and the great crowd did everything possible to show that it was the most popular one on record. The scene was repeated at Epsom four years later, when Diamond Jubilee won the great race, nor was there less enthusiasm when Ambush II. carried off the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool. These triumphs are recalled because they are the most important which have yet been achieved by His Majesty during his career as an owner of racehorses. The past racing season was not a successful one for His Majesty's colours, but

Richard Marsh, trainer of the King's racehorses

He has trained three Derby winners—Persimmon, Diamond Jubilee, and Jeddah, the two first-named the property of His Majesty

Photos by *C. Hailey*

A view of the main yard of the Egerton House stables at Newmarket

fortune runs in streaks upon the Turf, and this happens to be for the King just that "bad time" which all owners of racehorses experience sooner or later. We all hope that next season will see a return to the days when the purple and scarlet jacket was prominently carried in most of the chief races of the year.

Trainer of the King's Horses

Certainly the King's horses want for nothing in regard to their training. Richard Marsh has charge of the Royal thoroughbreds, and his great successes in the past constitute ample evidence of his skill. No horse ever called for more careful management and patient handling than the queer-tempered Diamond Jubilee, and it speaks highly for Marsh's good work that he was able to win so many important races with him. Egerton House, Newmarket, where the King's horses are trained, is in every way a palatial establishment. Standing on the valuable Stetchworth Estate, it took two years to build, with an army of men hard at work upon it all the time. The visitor is at once impressed with the architectural beauties of the stables, and to walk through the long corridors and to see the racers comfortably housed after their morning exercise on the neighbouring Heath, is a delightful experience for the lover of horses. During his visits to Newmarket for the season's meetings, His Majesty rarely fails to go round the stables at Egerton House, and Richard Marsh has had many distinguished people under his roof at various times. He recalls the occasion when the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family came to see Persimmon tried on the private racecourse a few days before his great race at Epsom, and on all sides at Egerton House one observes marks of Royal favour. To the writer, Richard Marsh once showed an excellent photograph of Persimmon, taken by the Queen and presented to the trainer of the horse. In Marsh's sanctum is to be seen a silver statuette of Persimmon, also a gift from His Majesty, whose handsome wedding present to his trainer likewise has a place of honour in this room.

Herbert Jones, the King's jockey

He made his reputation with Diamond Jubilee, whom no other rider could manage

A Generous Patron

The King is a generous patron, and Marsh was deeply gratified to receive, just before Christmas some years ago, a letter from Lord Marcus Beresford (the manager of the King's racehorses) informing him that His Majesty and the other gentlemen training in the Egerton House stables had arranged to pay Marsh a handsome

Photos by *C. Hailey*

Egerton House, the residence of Richard Marsh, where many tokens of Royal favour are to be seen

sum annually by way of retaining fee, this in addition to the usual training charges. Upon entering the gates of Egerton House, one of the first things seen is a young chestnut thriving healthily in the centre of a trimly kept lawn, and this tree, Marsh informs you, was planted by His Majesty soon after the stables were built. Passing under the noble façade of the main yard of the stud, one notices on the walls the plates of all the winners trained at Egerton House, mounted and painted in the colours of the various owners. Close at hand is a tablet inscribed with the winnings of the stables from the outset, the figures showing an average of about forty races, value £25,000, for each season.

The Lads at Egerton House

Marsh has a very superior lot of lads employed at the stables, and he looks after them wonderfully well. He has built a small private church for their use, and every opportunity is given them for making their way if they show skill in the saddle. In the back yard of the stables, we find the Turkish baths, the electric-light plant, the reservoir, the rooms for the men, and some more ranges of boxes; while but a few yards away is a splendidly appointed stud-farm, where stand such fine sires as Ayrshire and St. Serf. The whole establishment, in a word is splendid, and well adapted for the home of the Royal racehorses. Marsh has brought out a number of good riders, and the most successful has been Herbert Jones, who made his reputation with Diamond Jubilee. Indeed, he was the only horseman for whom the horse would run at all kindly.

The Stud-Farm at Sandringham

A visit to the King's stud-farm at Sandringham is another privilege which the writer has enjoyed. Here are the same well-ordered arrangements which exist at Newmarket, and it is pleasant to stroll through the spacious paddocks among the mares and foals, and to go round the boxes inspecting the stallions and yearlings. Close to the station at Wolferton, boxes have been built for the public brood mares, and it is a drive of three miles through the beautiful Sandringham Estate to the main portion of the stud. The present home of Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee is within a very short distance of the Royal residence, and no visitor to the King at Sandringham, with a soul for horses, departs without looking over some of the magnificent bloodstock. If the time of the visit to the stud-farm should be in the afternoon, a stay is usually made on the return journey at the Queen's dairy, where Her Majesty dispenses tea to the guests.

A. W. C.

Persimmon

One of the greatest horses of the period. He won the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Ascot Gold Cup for His Majesty

Photos by *C. Hailey*

Diamond Jubilee

This own brother to Persimmon won the so-called Triple Crown for the King

P. and O. Fleet

"M" CLASS—THE LATEST TYPE OF VESSELS

The doctor's consulting room and surgery

Single berth saloon on the promenade deck, s.s. "Mooltan"

S.S. "Mooltan," P. and O. Liner, launched August 3 last

The latest additions to the P. and O. Fleet are of special interest to European residents in the Far East. The last of these vessels, the *Mooltan*, will soon arrive in Bombay. She is a replica of the "Moldavia" class, already well known in those waters, but with certain improvements in various ways, which the experience of the last year or two has shown to be possible

The Latest P. and O. Liner

The saloon on s.s. "Mooltan," the latest of the P. and O. Fleet

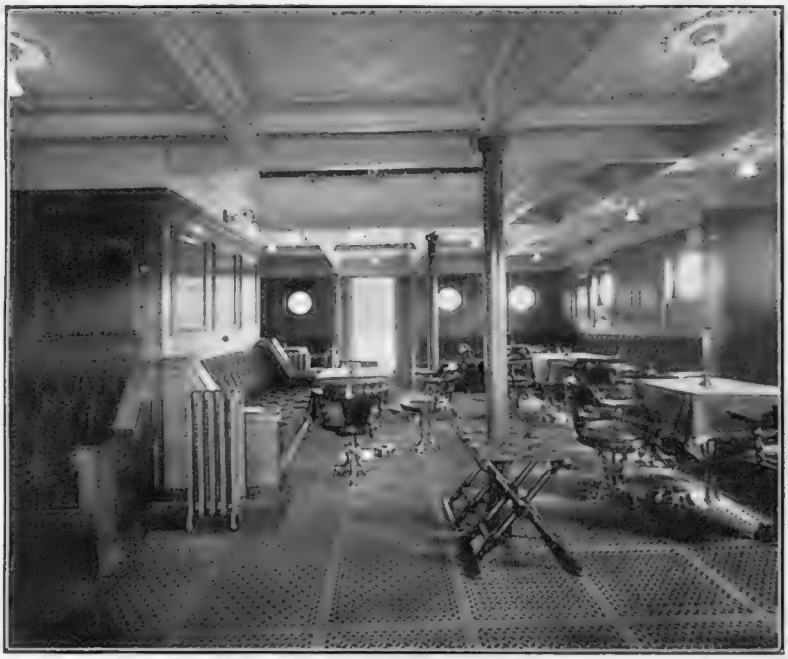
Although the "M" class, as the "Mooltans" are usually described, have a tonnage nearly 2,000 tons above that of the "Persias," they do not carry a greater number of passengers, and this arises from the fact that these new steamers have no lower deck accommodation. All their cabins are on or above the main deck, so that cabin ports, whether in the first or second class, never require to be closed, unless in exceptionally severe weather

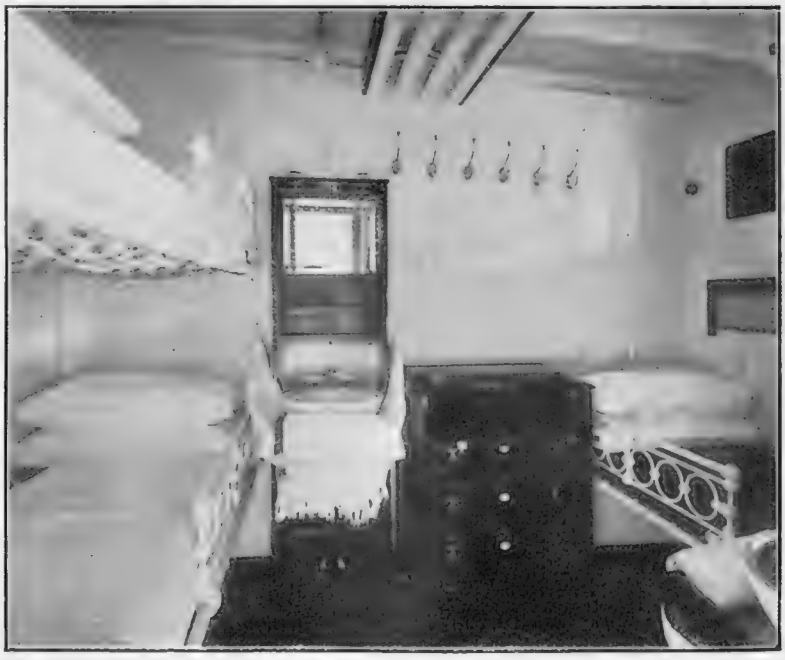
P. & O. Fleet

THE LOCAL
BOMBAY AND CHINA
MAIL SERVICE

Luxurious P. and O. Liners

On the preceding pages will be found illustrations of the ss. *Mooltan*, the latest type of "M" class. Even more luxurious in some respects are the liners on the local Bombay and China mail service, of which the ss. *Delta*, illustrated on this page, is a type, for they only carry half the number of passengers, and their cabins are therefore entirely on the upper deck. A feature of the construction of these ships is the means taken to economise coolness, a valuable asset in a tropical climate, stuffy upholstery being replaced by cane and canvas. Moreover, neither first nor second-class cabins are to be found even on the main deck, and the coolness and spaciousness of the accommodation is ensured by the great beam of these ships, all the cabins being what are called "outside" ones. The first of these vessels which was built will make her appearance in Bombay Harbour in November. The shipbuilding programme of the Company has, in three years, totalled up the formidable sum of nearly four millions sterling, inclusive of the cost of certain cargo steamers not included in the above summary.

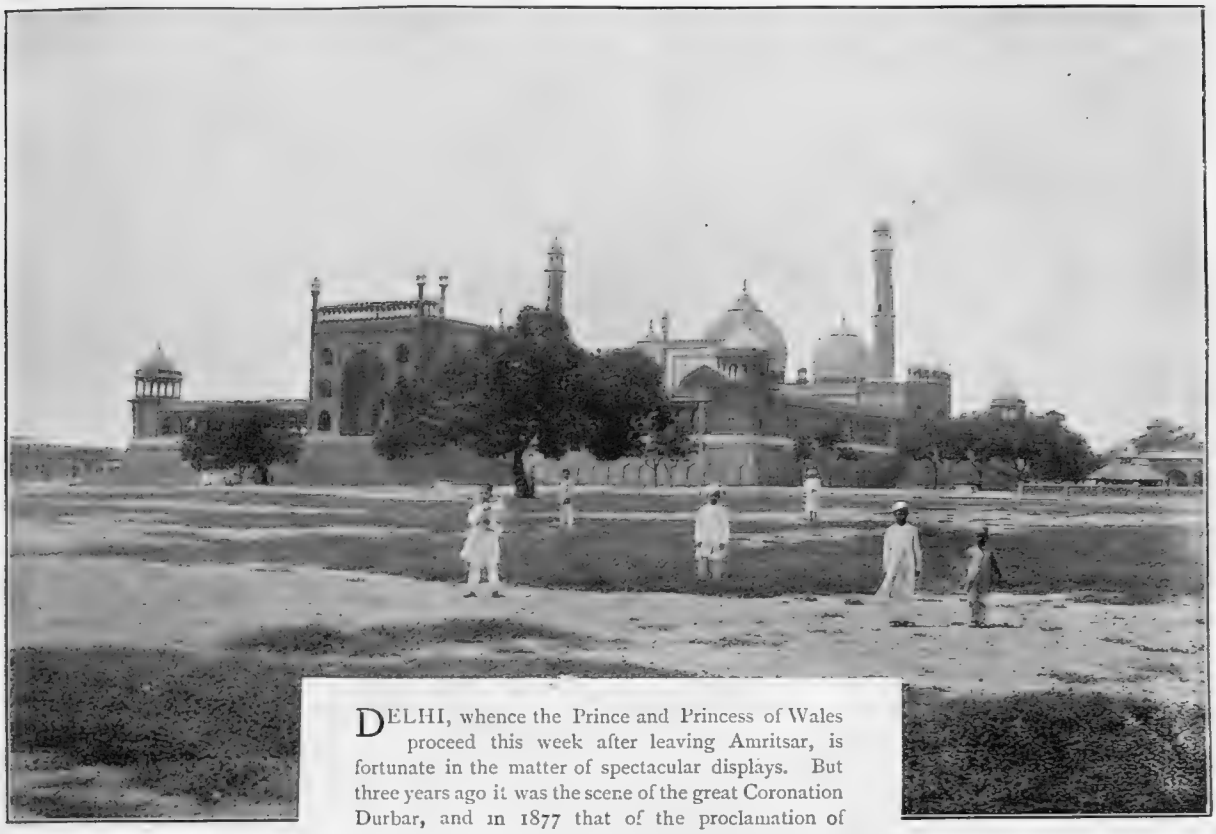




SS. "DELTA"

1. First Dining Saloon
2. The Smoke Room
3. Three-Berth Cabin

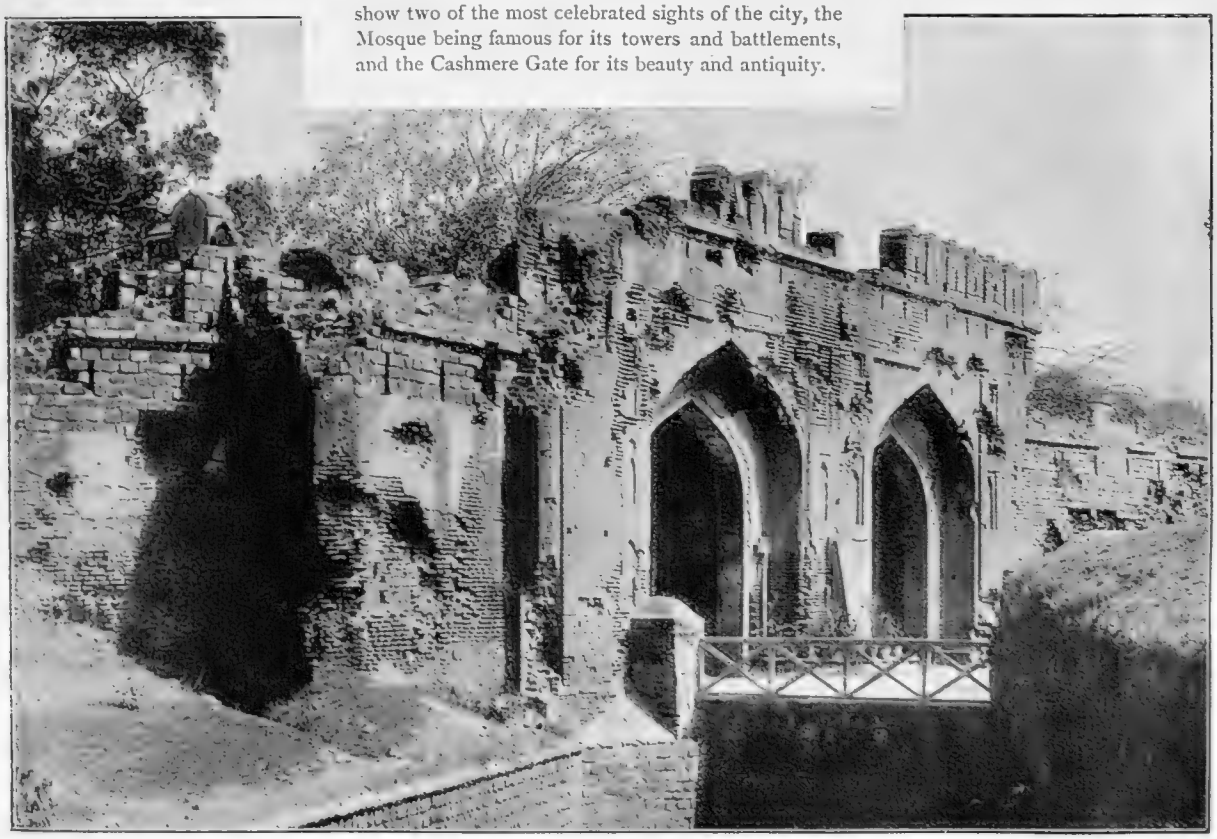
The Prince of Wales at Delhi



(1)
The famous Mosque Jumma Musjeed

DELHI, whence the Prince and Princess of Wales proceed this week after leaving Amritsar, is fortunate in the matter of spectacular displays. But three years ago it was the scene of the great Coronation Durbar, and in 1877 that of the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India, while now it is to receive in person its future Emperor. Delhi is the chief commercial and industrial centre of the Punjaub, the old seat of the Mogul dynasty, a town of great architectural splendour and historical association, and also is, to-day, known as the "Birmingham of the East," by reason of its iron foundries and manufacturing wealth. Our illustrations show two of the most celebrated sights of the city, the Mosque being famous for its towers and battlements, and the Cashmere Gate for its beauty and antiquity.

(2)
The Cashmere Gate at the entrance to the city



The Prince of

Photo by

AMRITSAR, THE

Amritsar, which, being interpreted, is the "fount of immortality," is being visited this week by the Prince and Princess of Wales. It is one of the walled cities of the Punjaub, and, standing at a great height, it has an imposing appearance. It derives its name from being a place of pilg clear water of natural springs, s small island, stands the marble Sik

es in the Punjaub

Frith

IMMORTALITY"

to its *Tulao*, a square pool of crystal-anctified, in the midst of which, on a ari or Vishnu. Amritsar is a very large, populous place, with narrow streets and burnt brick houses, but of some architectural superiority. It manufactures coarse cloths, silks, and imitation Kashmir shawls. It is the religious capital of the Sikhs, and has a population of about 150,000.

Followers of the Blackmore Vale Hounds moving off to covert

The Blackmore Vale is one of the best fox-hunting countries in the kingdom

(Original photo by A. Goodfellow, *47, High Street, Wincanton. Prize, £1 1s.)*

By Field, Stream and Covert

Hunt Photo Competition Result

The result of our Hunt Photo Competition affords an interesting example of the way in which the fair sex has invaded — and invaded most successfully —the realms of photography. Even a professional photographer will admit that it is most difficult to secure a snapshot of a hunting scene which will provide not only a satisfactory impression of horses and hounds, either at the meet or on the move, but a harmonious picture with the general surroundings. A knowledge of how to handle the camera is not the only requisite in taking a hunting photograph. There must be a quick perception of the picturesque, accompanied by some familiarity with hounds and hunting and things likely to interest the general body of hunting people. We think that these qualifications are possessed by the majority of those whose pictures have been published in THE BYSTANDER during the past six weeks, and there has been no question as to the success of the Competition. The most interesting series was that sent in by

MRS. G. C. W. FITZWILLIAM,
Milton Park,
Peterborough.

Six of the photographs submitted by this lady have been reproduced during the course of the Competition, and accordingly she has been awarded the pony trap which was offered as first prize. Readers who have

Photo by *Keturah Collings*

Mrs. Fitzwilliam

Wife of the Master of the famous Milton pack. Mrs. Fitzwilliam is the winner of the first prize, a sixteen-guinea pony trap, in our Photographic Hunt Competition

The Blackmore Vale Hounds at Templecombe House

The occasion is a presentation to the ex-Master, Mr. John Hargreaves, who hunted the country for five seasons. The members presented him with a model of a fox in silver. Standing next to the fox in the illustration is the new Master, Lieut.-Colonel Percy Browne (in hunting cap)

(*Original photo by* A. GOODFELLOW, 47, *High Street, Wincanton. Prize*, 5s.)

competed may be interested to know that Mr. W. Abrey, of The Glen, Tonbridge, and Mr. C. Winter-Wood, of Kenwick, Paignton, are second to Mrs. Fitzwilliam, each with three accepted photographs, two of the three, in both cases, being first-prize pictures. Mrs. Fitzwilliam is the wife of the Master of the famous Milton pack, of which particulars have recently appeared in these pages. Within a few weeks the editor hopes to announce particulars of a new photographic Hunt Competition.

Charms of the Blackmore Vale

Outside of Leicestershire it would not be easy to find a more delightful hunting country than the cream of the Blackmore Vale. I say the "cream" of the Vale advisedly, because the district covered by the B.V. pack consists of two widely varying sorts of country. Two-thirds of it is composed of small fields, with big double fences, and here the going is generally very holding, requiring a strong-backed, short-legged horse with the best of hocks and loins. In the other part of the district you must have your horse as well-bred as you can get him, for it is a veritable flying, grass country, and when the meets are there—usually on Tuesdays—a slow customer, however plodding and sure he may be, will be of little value to you if you want to see the best of the fun, and that, I take it, is what most of us hope to see when we go out with hounds. The Blackmore Vale Hunt has recently been under the necessity of changing its Master, owing to the resignation last season of Mr. John Hargreaves, who succeeded the late Mr. Merthyr Guest five years ago Mr. Guest's name will never be forgotten in the annals of the Blackmore Vale Hunt, and Mr. Hargreaves had a difficult task in following him. But he had previously gained valuable experience in the Cattistock country, and being a fine horseman, a really good huntsman, and possessing a thorough knowledge of hounds, Mr. Hargreaves kept up the best traditions of the B.V. He was not allowed to sever his connection with the Hunt without receiving an acknowledgment of his services from those to whom he had shown sport. This acknowledgment took the shape of a silver fox from the members, and another gift from the farmers. The presentation took place at Mr. Hargreaves's residence, Templecombe House, and the pleasant scene is depicted in our illustration. Among the company can be observed the new Master, Colonel Percy Browne, under whose leadership the followers of the B.V. are not likely to find any falling-off from the high standard of good sport set by his predecessors in the position.

The Haldon Harriers at Cockington Forge, Torquay
This smart little pack is hunted by Mr. Baron D. Webster
(*Original photo by* C. Winter-Wood, *Kenwick, Paignton. Prize, 5s.*)

Flourishing Condition of Irish Fox-Hunting

In spite of the recurrence of agragrian troubles now and again, it is doubtful whether fox-hunting in Ireland has ever been in a more flourishing condition than at the present moment. Many English sportsmen are crossing the St. George's Channel for the purpose of spending a part, and in some instances the whole, of the hunting season in Ireland, where, generally speaking, the foxes are stout, the soil has excellent scent-holding properties, and the forage is cheap. Not much trouble is caused by wire, and frost and fog do not interfere with hunting to such an extent as in England. The facilities, too, for enjoying sport in Ireland are good. First of all, there is the admirable system of the London and North Western Railway, which takes us so comfortably from Euston to Holyhead. Then the Irish railways are not behindhand in catering for hunting people

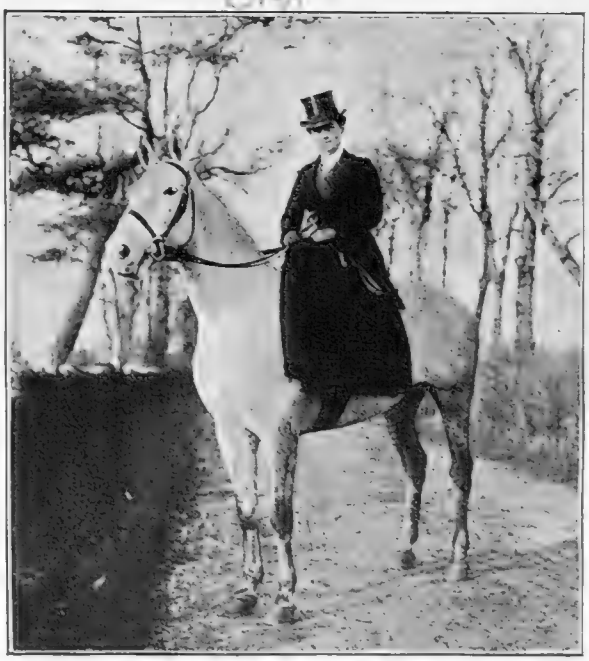
With the Westmeath

The second whip after a straggler

Miss Wilson

The meet at Cunningham Corner, Ballymore

Mr. Harry Whitworth, the popular M.F.H. and a fine all-round sportsman



Mrs. Lock, who enjoys the reputation of being one of the hardest riders in Ireland

(Photographs taken by our Special Representative in Ireland—the series will be continued)

Take, for example, the facilities given by the Midland Great Western Railway Company. They include special hunting trains when ordered by the Committees of the Ward Union, the Meath, the Westmeath, and the Kildare Hunts, many of these trains being run during the season. Riders, horses, and grooms are conveyed on a combined ticket at a reduced rate, and the Midland Great Western also issue tickets at a special low rate during the hunting season to riders who keep their horses in the various hunting districts.

Meet of the West Somerset Foxhounds at St. Audries, Bridgwater:
The residence of Sir Alexander Acland Hood
(Original photo by Miss Seymour, *Middle Park, Paignton. Prize, 5s.)*
Prize enlarged from a small Brownie (5s.)

The Westmeath and their Popular M.F.H.

In view of the facts mentioned in the foregoing paragraph, the Editor of The Bystander considers it an opportune time to present a series of interesting photographs of the best Irish hunting districts, and for that purpose a special representative is making a tour of the chief countries. This week the Westmeath Hounds are dealt with, and in our next issue the series will be continued with the Duhallow Hunt. Rejoicing in a Master who is as keen as can be, and is brilliantly mounted, the Westmeath Hounds have a splendid record. Mr. Harry Whitworth is widely known in the world of sport. He is an excellent polo player, he handles a high-class team of coachers to perfection, and whether riding to hounds or between the flags he wants a tremendous lot of beating. It was said of Mr. Whitworth's first season in Mastership—in 1903-4—that no such run of sport had been enjoyed in Westmeath for many years, and only a few days since the wish was expressed by the people of Castlepollard that a few more sportsmen of this type could be induced to settle in their midst.

Photo by *J. T. Newman*

Mornington Cannon, the famous jockey
He hunts regularly in the Vale of Aylesbury

Jockeys in the Hunting Field

The first of our illustrations on this page shows the West Somerset Foxhounds, assembled at St. Audries, Bridgwater, the residence of Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, who is closely associated with the Hunt, and finds an occasional day with the pack a pleasant diversion from his onerous Parliamentary duties. Our other photograph shows Mornington Cannon in a costume which will seem strangely unfamiliar to those who only see him riding races on the flat. But in the winter Cannon is an ardent votary of the chase, and one of the hardest of the many hard riders in the Vale of Aylesbury, where he throws in his lot with Lord Rothschild's Staghounds and the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds. The popular "Morny" resembles most of his brother jockeys in being a keen hunting man, and when the Newmarket and Thurlow are near to the headquarters of the Turf their following is largely swelled by well-known jockeys. That fine horseman, Harry Custance, was, in his day, one of the best men in Leicestershire, and another famous jockey always in the first flight with hounds was Fred Archer.

Shooting at Christmas

Although the best of the shooting is past, there will be many pleasure-parties for the Christmas holidays, and the careful keeper will have no scarcity of birds for his master and friends, even when the coverts have already been shot through. It is his business to concentrate his remaining stock in the central coverts, and with judicious management in fairly well-stocked preserves, it should not be difficult to ensure some satisfactory sport at a second or third shoot. In view of the breeding stock which should be left in all well-governed coverts, the keeper will treat the hens with natural solicitude, and the cock pheasants will pay the heaviest toll, in addition to the ground game. Not only are the late December shooting parties invariably pleasant social affairs, composed, as they mostly are, of relations or old friends, who only come together once or twice during the year, but they give plenty of keen enjoyment to the expert shooter, the birds being harder to kill than earlier in the season; they are stronger on the wing, and having, in all probability, learnt something of the ways of beaters and gunners, they break out of the preserves at all manner of unexpected places, and usually want a great deal of stopping.

A. W. C.

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 1.

"Here's to the Maiden!"

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."
—*Chesterfield.*

By RICHARD MARSH

It was rather a singular experience. The scene was the one public room of an hotel at Dinant on the Meuse. Evening. Extremely bad weather without, and, apparently, nothing to do within. Two men had foregathered with a third, having discovered—on his own authority—that he played bridge. To this trio a three-handed game did not commend itself as a thing altogether to be desired. The only other occupants of the apartment—and, apparently, also of the hotel—were two ladies. One seemed to be in the early forties and the other in the still earlier twenties; one would not have been surprised to learn that she was still in her teens. They sat in a corner of the room, the elder with some fancy work, the younger with a book. The point—as it presented itself to the three men—was whether it would be wise, on any grounds, to ask one of these two ladies to make a fourth; and as, under the circumstances, there were obstacles in the way of a free discussion, it was one which it was not easy to decide. That neither of the men had spoken to the ladies was not—as it appeared to them—so much the difficulty; the doubt was, whether it would not be right and proper to ask both the ladies to play, and so make five, which would necessitate one of the gentlemen cutting out—and that neither of them desired to do.

However, Major-General Slaney, who had made the third, and who was undoubtedly the senior, being, apparently, somewhere in the late sixties, decided that it would be sufficient to extend the invitation to one; which he proceeded to do.

"Do either of you ladies play bridge?"

The elder looked up.

"My daughter does."

"I'm extremely fond of it," "my daughter" said.

"Then will you honour us by making a fourth?"

"Delighted"

The General, leading her to the table which had been placed about the centre of the room, proceeded to explain:

"These gentlemen have been good enough to ask me to join them in a game, but I can't introduce you because I don't know their names myself."

The tall man, with the glasses, took the hint.

"My name is Beckwith, and my friend's is Merrill."

"And mine," said the young lady, "is Dormar-Perkins; I'm double-barrelled."

"And I'm Major-General Slaney; so that's all right."

They cut; Miss Dormar-Perkins falling with Mr. Merrill, and Beckwith with the General. The General asked the lady—

"Shall we have some little interest in the game?"

"I trust we shall have a good deal of interest. It's very nice of you to ask me to play; that's a horrid book I've got, and, on a night like this, one wants to have an interest in something. Dinant in the rain is not exhilarating, particularly at night."

If the young lady's remarks were a trifle unexpected, the General showed no sign of it.

"That's so; but what I meant was, do you prefer to play for love?"

"Love?—do you mean for nothing? Rather not! I hope you don't. Do let's have some spice in the game"

"What spice shall we have? What points would you like?"

"Anything—I don't care what I play for."

"I'm afraid I do. We old servants of the country are not, as a rule, rolling in wealth; and we have to care. Shall we say francs?"

"Franc points? I don't mind."

"But I do. My dear young lady! I'm afraid you're by way of being a gambler.

"I am; I think gambling's great fun, don't you?"

"I haven't had much experience—of my own. The points I intended to suggest were a franc a hundred."

"A franc a hundred! Oh dear! Isn't that——"

The above story is the first of a Series of Worldly Stories to be published weekly. The title and quotation give a sufficient key to the nature of them, but we might add that in this series life will be depicted as it is. "Cela suffit!"

Next week will be published "The Letter and the Lie," by Arnold Bennett.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

She looked at Mr. Beckwith. "What do you think?"

"Shall we say five francs a hundred?"

"I'm willing," said Mr. Merrill.

"I can't say I am," observed the General, "but, for once in a while, I'll try it. I belong to a little club in Brussels where we never play more than a franc a hundred."

"How dull it must be."

"I can't say I've noticed it. There are some very good fellows there, and we play some very good games—some excellent games we play."

Miss Dormar-Perkins said nothing; but she looked at him. The General was dealing, so that he did not notice the look, or he might have found it suggestive. She said to her partner:

"Do you play hearts and weakest?"

Mr. Merrill was a young man—a rather good-looking young man, but young. The question seemed to take him by surprise.

"I—I beg your pardon?"

"I said, do you play hearts and weakest?"

"I—I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

"Really? I thought that was plain enough." She looked at him in a way which seemed to occasion him some slight perturbation. It is a hard thing to say of a young man of to-day, but—he almost blushed. He was very fair; and, of course, that made a difference. She explained — a trifle off-handedly. "If you double no-trumps third hand, what do you want me to give you?"

'Give me?"

"Lead—of course."

This was somewhat in italics.

"If I double no trumps — I see. Well — that depends."

"On what?"

"On—on what you have in your hand.'

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you. Do you wish me to give you a heart, or the highest of my shortest?"

"Which—which ever you like."

"That's—extremely nice of you. Do you always play bridge in—the same obliging manner?"

Mr. Beckwith interposed. The young gentleman's extreme fairness offered such opportunities to his emotions.

"Mr. Merrill has not played bridge very long—he's only a novice. I don't fancy he's much versed in the intricacies of the game."

"I suppose you play family bridge?"

She said this to her partner with an air of condescension which it was hard for a young man to bear; he made haste to show her that such treatment was unjust.

"I've played a good deal at the 'Varsity."

At the word "'Varsity," something of her condescension went; she became judicial instead.

"Which 'Varsity?"

"Cambridge—I'm at Trinity."

"Do you know a man at the Hall named Vivian—Laurence Vivian?"

"Isn't he great on waistcoats?"

"I daresay; he's very weird. He's been up I don't know how many years, and he's never done a stroke of work. He belongs to the Pitt."

"Same man; collects autographs of the sixteenth century—and silk shirts—extraordinary chap!"

"He's my cousin."

"I—I beg your pardon; I didn't know he was your cousin."

"It's all right. I say myself he's a freak. Do you know a man named Barber at Caius?"

"The footer man—was at Loretto. I know who you mean; he's a jolly fine forward."

"He's the brother of my best friend in the world, a dear boy—and so big; he's over six feet three. Do you know a man named Sands, at Magdalen—Charlie Sands?"

"I knew him rather well—we were at school together in the same house at Harrow."

"Were you? I was up for the last Eights; we roomed in Green Street."

"By George!"

"What's the matter?"

"Pardon me if I seem to interrupt what promises to be an interesting conversation." The General's tone as he said this was grim. "But I've dealt."

The young gentleman leaned over the table towards his partner; his tone was eager.

"Do you know, I believe I've met you before."

Her tone was no less eager than his.

"No?—have you?—really?—where?"

"You say you were up for the last Eights; do you remember having tea one afternoon in Sands' rooms, when that rotten old Sands tripped over a footstool and spilt a great dish of strawberry jam over a chap's head? I was that chap; it was my head."

"Was it, really? How extraordinary! Of course, I remember! Shall I ever forget?"

"Shall I ever forget?"

"If you could only have seen what you looked like! I hadn't noticed you till then; but—well, we all of us noticed you then. I thought some of them would have killed themselves."

"I could have killed someone. The silly idiot had put about three pounds of strawberry jam into a great dish, and the whole lot of it came down on top of my head. If you only knew what it felt like! I swallowed about a quart before I knew what had happened; and, mind you, I hate the stuff, never could touch it as a child. It was jolly hard, you know; he might have done it on purpose."

"Oh, I don't think he did that."

"Of course not—that's all right—I know that—I only say he might have done. It got all down inside my clothes—simply all over me. I had to put myself into a copper, and boil myself for hours to get it off; and then I smelt of strawberry jam for a month."

"I thought how nicely you behaved—you never said a word."

"Never said a word! How could I when the beastly stuff was choking me? I can tell you I said a word when I got outside! I fired off the whole jolly dictionary; you should have heard me!"

"I'm glad I didn't. I went away with the impression that you had behaved beautifully; that impression might have been spoilt if I had heard what you did say—outside. Do you remember the girl?"

"The one I chucked the dish at?"

"You didn't mean to."

"The idea! Is it likely? How could I? I was sitting with a cup of tea in one hand, and a piece of bread and butter in the other; down came the strawberry jam; I put up my arm, caught the dish on my fingers, lashed out, and landed it on the knee of the girl who was sitting next door."

"She cried."

"What ever for?"

"She was very young."

"Of course, I was frightfully grieved. I heard about it afterwards. I was out of the room at the time—some idiot was trying to scrape off the jam with old Sands' shoe-lift—still, why cry?"

"She looked rather nice before that dish descended; and—men take that sort of thing differently from women. You see, you're not a woman."

"That's true."

"Before you answer that question, sir, may I be allowed to ask my partner if, when we originally sat down to this table, there was not some mention of a game of bridge?"

"Most true," observed the General. "Which enables me to remark, for the second time, that, while feeling all possible sympathy for the young lady on whose knee the dish was landed—I have dealt."

The young gentleman spoke first to the General and then to his partner.

"Have you? That's awfully good of you. Now I look at you I remember you quite well; you had on a green dress."

"No, blue."

"Greenery-blue?"

"No, bluey-blue. I remember, because—well, I remember. It was blue."

"Was it? I'm not much of a hand at that sort of thing; I know you looked awfully nice."

"Did I?—really?"

The General held up his hand.

"Before you answer that question, sir, may I be allowed to ask my partner if, when we originally sat down to this table, there was not some mention of a game at bridge?"

"There was; you're quite right, partner. Merrill, we must ask you to attend to business—unless, that is, your partner doesn't care to play."

"Care!—why I'm as keen as a razor!" The young lady picked up her cards. "Though I do think, partner, before we start that you ought to let me know, when you double trumps, what you want me to lead"

"What do you generally lead?"

"My own preference is for hearts."

"I don't care—lead me a heart—it's all the same to me."

The young lady knit her brows; about the way in which she did it there was a certain fascination.

"I suppose you do play bridge?"

"As a matter of fact, I've played a good deal more than Beckwith thinks. At the 'Varsity I've played quite a lot; one night I lost six pounds ten"

"That's proof conclusive. And how much did your partner lose?"

This inquiry came from the General, who leaned back in his chair, with his hands crossed on the table and his face turned upwards.

"My partner? I had several partners; and the queer thing was, I was the only one who did lose—which seems rummy."

"Most unaccountable. Strange how these things will happen. Partner, I leave the trump declaration to you, and should have done so some time ago had I had a chance."

"I make it hearts."

An interval of silence, during which the General looked up, Mr. Beckwith down; the young lady

regarded her partner with serious attention, and the young gentleman arranged his cards on what appeared to be principles of his own. The General spoke.

"Well, sir, have you any remark to make?"

The young gentleman, who, after reconsidering the matter, seemed to be re-arranging his cards on an entirely new principle, was taken by surprise.

"Me? Oh, of course, how stupid of me; I'd clean forgotten. I'm awfully sorry. Partner, may I play?"

"Please, partner."

More silence; during which the young gentleman continued to arrange his cards. Presently he looked round.

"What are we waiting for?"

"Nothing," said the General. "Only for you to lead."

"What an ass I am; I seem to be a perfect idiot to-night, and, as a general rule, it's the other way round. My lead, is it? Well, here goes."

He selected, after much deliberation, the card with which he proposed to "go"—which nearly went, but not quite. Just as he was about to let it fall, the young lady shut up her cards as if they were a fan, clasped them in her hands, leaned her elbows on the table, and exclaimed, with what almost amounted to a show of emotion:

"Then—then you're the man who jumped into the river after that girl's bracelet!"

"Girl's bracelet? Do you mean Minnie Watson's bracelet? I say!—this is jolly odd—who told you? How do you come to know anything about it?"

"Why, Minnie Watson's my dearest friend. But what an extraordinary coincidence, that you should be the man on whom Charlie spilt the jam, and the man who jumped into the river after her bracelet!"

The young gentleman seemed to be engaged in some sort of mental conflict.

"Why—I wonder—by George! of all the starts!—if you are!—I wonder—if you're 'The Sportsman'?"

"Do you mean to say that that girl has the audacity to write or speak to you of me as 'The Sportsman'?"

"Rather!—she thinks no end of you!—she always speaks of you as 'The Sportsman'!—she thinks you're the most perfect sportsman she ever met!"

"Of all the impertinence!" If the air with which she regarded him was intended to be expressive of anger, it became her well. As if struck by a sudden thought, she put her hands before her face and laughed.

"Hullo! what are you laughing at? What's the joke?"

"I'm thinking of what she calls you."

"No? What does she call me? Do tell me! What does she call me?" The young lady shook her head. "I told you; candour begets candour."

"This is different; perhaps I'll tell you after the rubber."

"Are we going to play bridge?"

The General's question, apparently addressed—in sepulchral tones—to space, his partner answered.

"That's what I'm wondering. Merrill, are you going to lead?"

The young lady assailed her partner with what, under the circumstances, was uncalled-for violence.

"Yes, partner, lead!—please lead!—do lead!—and do not talk! How can one play bridge and carry on a conversation at the same time? It's impossible; it's absurd of you to think one can. Aren't you ready?"

"But I say——"

"No, don't say—lead, say nothing; only lead."

The young lady rapped the table with the tips of her fingers. The young gentleman led; Mr. Beckwith's cards went down; and the hand was played; the result being that the General made four by tricks in hearts, and the game. Mr. Merrill was apologetic.

"I'm afraid I made rather a muddle of it, but I hope I didn't do anything very wrong."

Miss Dormar-Perkins was calm, but cold.

"You only gave them four tricks."

"Only four?—you don't mean it!—not really!—was I really as bad as that?—really?"

"Besides trumping my best card."

"Oh, I say!—come!—how do you make out I did that?"

"My ten of clubs was the best card, and was bound to make. You ruffed it with the queen of hearts. If you must ruff my best card, why not do it with a smaller one?"

"Quite so—I see—I might have done that. Fact is, I was wondering all the while what Minnie Watson calls me. I wish you'd tell me, then it would be off my mind."

"I shall be tempted to."

"Is it very awful?"

"No. I should imagine it describes you rather accurately."

"Does it? Then I wonder what on earth it can be."

"Partner, will you please deal?"

"Is it my deal? Of course! I'm afraid I'm awfully slow to-night. I can't think what's the matter. Something's wrong, because generally it's rather the other way. I'm a bit too fast if anything; at least, so I'm told. I know I'm always getting into messes. Hullo! it's a misdeal!"

"I saw," remarked the General, "you give my partner two cards; but I didn't think you'd like me to interrupt the flow of your remarks to tell you so."

"Now, what am I going to do?"

"Misdeal again."

This was the General. Miss Dormar-Perkins dissented.

"Please, partner, do deal properly this time."

He did as she wished.

"How's that for all right?" he demanded, as the last card fell in its proper place.

"Bravo!" said the General.

"Hurrah!" said Mr. Beckwith.

"Three cheers!" said the young lady.

"Come, now! you didn't think I was going to make a misdeal every time?"

"We were beginning to wonder," said his partner.

"Oh, I say, you are jolly rough on a chap! Haven't I got to make a trump?"

"The dealer does sometimes"

"Then I'll make it clubs."

The young lady glanced up at him with significance. He was re-arranging his cards, and saw nothing. No one doubled. Mr. Beckwith led. The young lady observed, as she displayed her hand:

"If you'd left it to me, partner, it would have been an automatic no-trumper; I have three aces, besides other things."

"Well, you see, I've the ace of clubs and four others; I thought I'd five, but it seems I haven't—but, anyhow, that's much my strongest suit."

She smiled at him sweetly.

"Is it a common custom at the university for a player, at the commencement of a hand, to make public announcement of the cards he holds?"

"Merrill, play to that."

Mr. Beckwith pointed to the card which, at his partner's request, he had led. Mr. Merrill played to it—and his opponents won the odd trick. A result which occasioned him some concern.

(*Continued on page 578*)

"RUNNING DOWN THE LAW"

Or "NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE"

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA

(Continued from page 576)

"I don't know how that came about. I thought I was going to win the odd trick—at one time I did."

His partner was still all sweetness.

"At one time I thought we were going to have a grand slam. Perhaps it was as well we didn't go no-trumps, although we had the four aces."

"That's what I thought. You see what I mean?"

She allowed his question to go unanswered, and he seemed to see something in the smiling eyes which induced him not only to hold his peace, but to regard her with a sort of covert apprehension. Mr. Beckwith declared no-trumps.

"I double no-trumps," proclaimed Miss Dormar-Perkins. No one redoubled. She took seven tricks in diamonds, her opponents won the rest

"Well done!" exclaimed Mr. Merrill. "That's better, isn't it? That's as it ought to be."

The young lady was not disposed to be enthusiastic.

"Are you aware, partner, that if you had taken a trick we should have won the game?"

"So we should, that's true."

"Then why did you uncover your king of spades?"

"Did you—see him? I—I don't qu te follow."

"You had the king and nine of spades. Why did you discard the nine?"

"It wouldn't have won a trick."

"No, I suppose not; that also is true. What do you say is the largest sum you ever lost at bridge?"

"Six pounds ten."

"And how much have you lost since?"

"Well, you see, it's like this: all the chaps I've played with since then have preferred to play for love."

"Have they? Indeed! Don't you think you might have mentioned that before we arranged to play for five francs a hundred?"

"I don't mind playing for points—not the least bit in the world."

"Don't you? That's very—nice of you."

"I say, I wish you would tell me what Minnie Watson calls me."

She shook her head. She had dealt; and now looked at her hand.

"Partner, kindly give your whole attention to the game. I am leaving the trump declaration to you."

There ensued the usual interval, during which the young gentleman went through what, with him, was the singular process of arranging his cards.

"Leave it to me, do you? That's tremendously good of you—one moment—awfully sorry, but I'm not quite ready—bother these cards, they seem horribly sticky—leave it to me, do you? Then—I'll make it hearts."

There was no double. The General led. Mr. Merrill laid down, disclosing four hearts to the king, and practically nothing else. Miss Dormar-Perkins lost, by four tricks, the game and the rubber, which seemed to surprise her partner.

"You didn't do very much, did you?"

"No," she replied shortly, "I did not."

Mr. Beckwith said to him, with some severity, though with less than the occasion warranted:

"That wasn't a hand on which you were entitled to call hearts."

Mr. Merrill was not at all hurt, or disposed to argue.

"I suppose it wasn't, when you come to think of it. Of course, I'd scarcely a card in my hand. I might have gone no-trumps."

The three looked at him, and at each other, in solemn silence. Accounts were settled. Then the young lady rose from her chair.

"I am afraid, mamma, I'm rather tired. I hope you don't mind."

Mrs. Dormar-Perkins, putting her fancy-work carefully into a silk bag, advanced from her corner.

"Not at all; I'm sure I'm quite ready to go to bed. Have you had a pleasant game?"

"Most amusing, haven't we, partner?"

"Awfully jolly game—thanks to you."

"No, partner, thanks to you; it was so good of you to ask me to make a fourth."

"It was frightfully good of you to play. I hope we haven't bored you!"

"Bored me? Oh no, you haven't bored me. Good-night! Good night!"

The first good-night was meant for her partner; the second for the others. The young gentleman urged a final anxious request—a little confidentially.

"I say, I do wish before you go you'd tell me what Minnie Watson calls me."

Again Miss Dormar-Perkins shook her head.

"You say she calls me 'The Sportsman.'"

"It wouldn't be sportsmanlike if I were to tell you—now."

She slipped her arms through her mother's, and the ladies went. The young gentleman leaned back in his chair, tilted it on to its hind legs, thrust his hands into his trouser-pockets, and looked up at the ceiling.

"That's a jolly nice girl," he declared, as if he challenged contradiction. The General said:

'I wonder if there's a drop of decent whiskey to be got in this infernal hole."

Mr. Beckwith asked:

"Merrill, who taught you your bridge?"

"Taught me? No one; taught myself. I've a natural aptitude for games."

The two others looked at each other in what, this time, was portentous silence. Mr. Beckwith observed:

"I think that's not a bad suggestion of yours, sir; perhaps a little whiskey would do me good."

"That's a jolly nice girl," reiterated Mr. Merrill, though no contradiction had been offered. "A 1!"

Major-General Slaney and Mr. Beckwith went out of the room together in search of whiskey, and left the young gentleman alone—ruminating.

RICHARD MARSH.

THE TOY INVASION OF ENGLAND

AS Santa Claus is a foreign gentleman, or rather the legend which gave him birth is of Teutonic origin, perhaps it is only natural that the toys he brings us annually should be almost entirely "made in Germany." Supplying the venerable gentleman are some tens of thousands of workers in the towns of Sonneberg, Schneeberg, Annaberg, and Olbernhau, chiefly. On the right may be seen pictures of some of them at work. Recently, the cry has been raised, "British Toys for British Boys." Optimistic scribes in the daily Press have called up a vision of huge manufactories in which battalions of toy soldiers would be fashioned for foreign invasion by the men who now follow the "Curse their charity" banner. Imagination is a pleasing gift.

1. Making wheels for toy carts

2. In the toy remount department

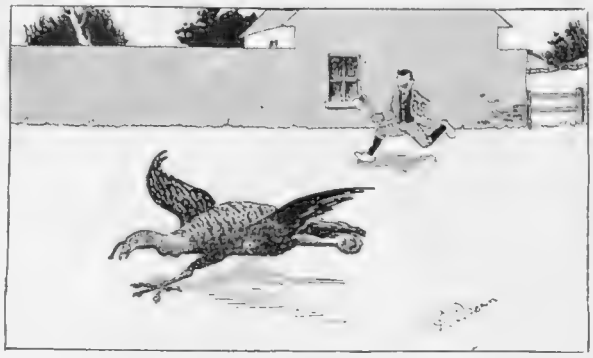
3. Transporting an army of toys for the invasion of England

Photos by *Illustration.-Gesellschaft*

Golf Notes and Notions

Concerning Style

I should approach the subject of "style" in golf with considerable diffidence if it were my rash purpose to attempt to lay down distinct rules for the guidance of golfers in such a delicate matter. But as I have not the least intention of doing anything so foolhardy and thankless, I write with a calm and easy conscience. No, my aim to-day is not to expatiate so much on the value of style as to note and put on record the changes which style in golf has undergone during the last thirty years, and to endeavour to extract the moral of those changes. When I first made my acquaintance with the most difficult and yet most fascinating of existing games, the variations of style from one accepted standard were very few. The open stance for anything but approaching and putting was practically unknown. For all shots with a wooden club we were taught to stand parallel to the intended flight of the ball, with the ball more towards the left foot than the right, and with the left foot slightly in advance of the right foot — that is to say, in advance of an imaginary line drawn from toe of right foot to that of left. This is the stance advocated in the first edition of the Badminton "Golf." Other styles are noticed in that edition, but not with the view of encouraging the beginner to imitate them. They are set down as the eccentricities of genius, and the golfer of ordinary abilities is enjoined, while duly admiring the results achieved by Mr. Laidlay and Mr. John Ball, strictly to adhere to the orthodox style of that day as indicated above. What a far cry it seems now to that preaching of orthodoxy. Nowadays the old definition of orthodoxy as "my doxy" and heterodoxy as "your doxy" may well be applied in the case of golf. For we have absolutely shaken ourselves free from all the trammels of any possible "doxy" as far as style in golf is concerned. I think I shall not be far wrong if I ascribe the first great variation in style of stance for wooden clubs to the great Hoylake school of golfers. Mr. John Ball led the way with his early fondness for driving off the right leg, *i.e.* with the ball almost opposite the right foot. But I do not think that any change occurred in the position of the feet. It was just the old orthodox stance with a change in the position of the ball. This, however, soon led to the adoption of the open stance, with the right foot well in advance of the left, very much in the manner of the stance for approach shots.



On the contrary

"Certainly," gasped the turkey, as he flew for cover, "I do not agree with those persons who believe that violent exercise tends to shorten life"

The Variety of Latter-Day Style

The most extreme and the most successful example of that style is provided by Mr. John Graham, Junr., whose left foot is so far back as apparently to give no support at all to the stroke. But once it was seen that golf could be played most admirably in a style which set at defiance all the rules of the orthodox school, the spell was broken, and beginners were liberated for ever from the shackles of uniformity. It was recognised that style was made for the golfer, and not the golfer for style. I do not know whether the young golfer of to-day knows what a debt of gratitude he owes to those early iconoclasts who shivered to atoms the statue set up by the orthodox stylists and made it possible for after-comers to adopt the style which best suited their physique and their natural aptitude for the game. Twenty-five years ago we should have all shuddered at the idea of anyone deliberately putting his thumb down the shaft of his driver. Now not only one thumb is so placed, but in many cases both thumbs; the thumb down the shaft is the basis of the interlocked or overlapping grip, and hundreds of the finest golfers are to-day grippin: their clubs in a manner which would have made one of the older school faint with horror if such a style had been suggested to him. Go out during any Championship meeting and watch a succession of players passing you, and note the infinite variety of their stances, grips, and swings, and you will soon convince yourself that the same results are attained by a hundred different methods. In the old days we were content to follow the traditions handed down to us, and I imagine we did not play constantly enough to make it worth our while to experiment with different methods of stance or grip. If we played badly in the orthodox style, we put it down to our own innate sinfulness, and did not stop to inquire whether the fault might not rather lie with the system than with ourselves. As golf increased in popularity, and the opportunities for playing it became more and more frequent, we began to study variations. Each decade brought to the front some new player of brilliant genius, with a new style, so that at length we all became convinced that good golf could be played in more ways than one. I was much struck by the remark of a young player with whom I had a game the other day. "I like," he said, "to try everything; it is much better fun than always going plodding on in the same style." It is this spirit which has carried modern golf to its present exalted pitch, and which will carry it to unknown and undreamed heights of excellence impossible of attainment under the old rule of uniform orthodoxy.

Ernest Lehmann

The Library

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

MISCELLANEOUS

"Somerset House, Past and Present." By Raymond Needham and Alex. Webster. (Fisher Unwin: 21*s.* net.)

"Nature in Eastern Norfolk." By Arthur H. Patterson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Day Book of Claudius Clear." By Dr. Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

FICTION

"The Spurs of Gold." By Joseph Brown Morgan and James Rogers Freeman. (Andrew Melrose: 6*s.*)

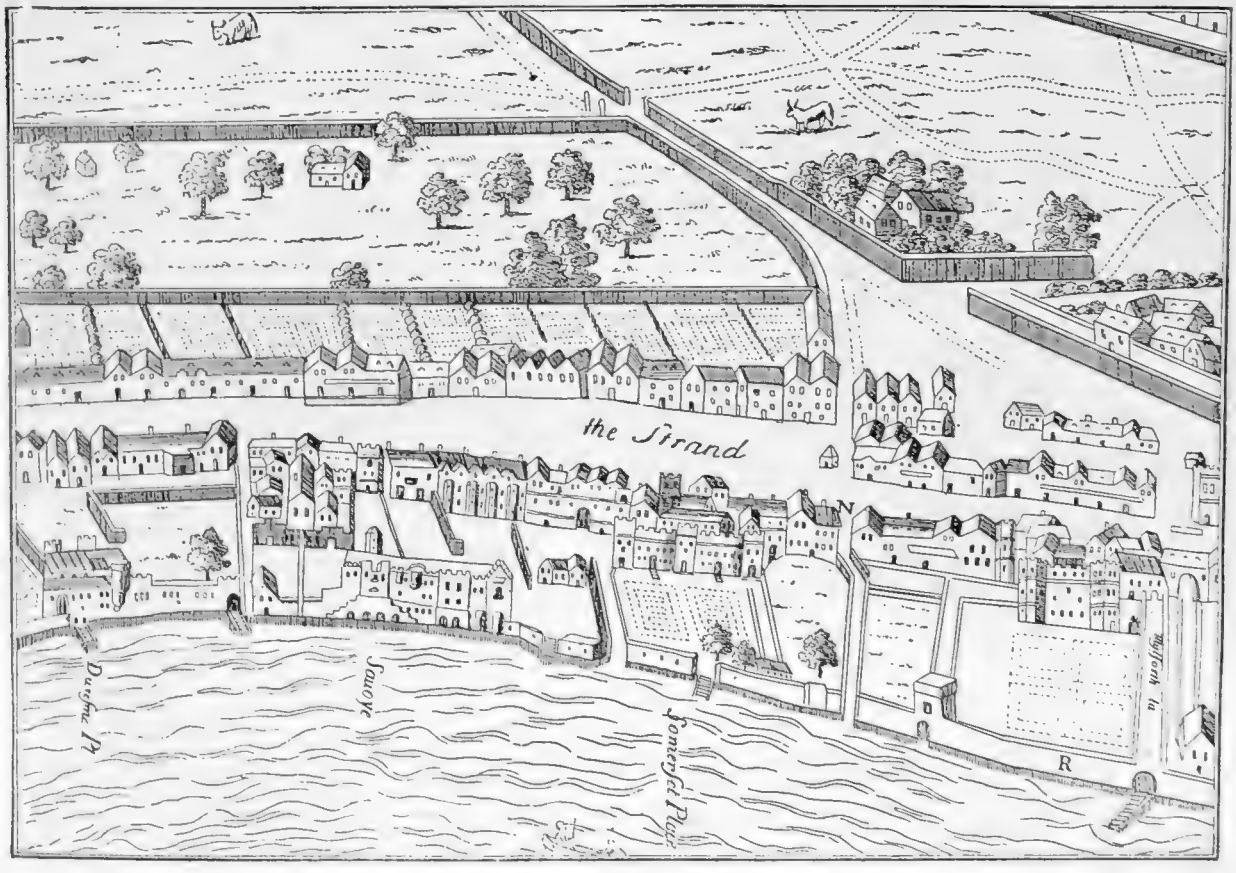
"The Sands of Pleasure." By Filson Young. (E. Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

"Deborah's Life." By James Blyth. (Nash: 6*s.*)

"Mr. Lion of London." By J. J. Bell. (Hodder: 5*s.*)

Somerset House is probably the most abused public building we have—that is to say, with all respect to those engaged there, it is the source of more trouble to the ordinary man than any other institution in the country. It is true there have been compensations. For instance, it has provided the means of sustenance for many of our prominent literary men before fame came to them, and when literature was but a growing passion, and no doubt incidentally supplied them with that small amount of necessary labour which must have come as a delightful relaxation after the throes of authorship. For thus tending those who have ministered (no doubt within business hours as well as out) to their pleasure, the public is, doubtless, grateful. However that may be, the authors of "Somerset House, Past and Present" (Fisher Unwin: 21*s.* net) show us that—historically—this much-maligned institution has quite an interesting aspect, which it has been their pleasure to set forth in this volume. Here, with much history, more biography, and a large collection of entertaining stories, the vicissitudes of Somerset House are recounted from the days of its founder to the present time. From among its many memories we choose the following, which will appeal to our literary readers as giving an interesting glimpse of two of the strongest personalities of the last century. Before the Embankment was built, the south side of Somerset House rose directly out of the river. Along this side a terrace extends, which was then used as a promenade by a favoured few, who were permitted to have keys to the gate which gives access to the terrace. Mr. Chapman, the publisher, was one of these, and from him Herbert Spencer often obtained the key, and the philosopher himself tells how—

> Frequently on fine afternoons in May, June, and July, *she* obtained the key; and we made our way on to the terrace,



The Strand in the Reign of Elizabeth

(*From a drawing by Ralph Agas. By permission of Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin*)

where we paced backwards and forwards for an hour or so, discussing many things. Of course, as we were frequently seen together, people drew their inferences. Very slight evidence suffices the world for positive conclusions; and here the evidence seemed strong. Naturally, therefore, quite definite statements became current. There were reports that I was in love with her, and that we were about to be married. But neither of these reports was true.

Of course the lady in question was George Eliot, and it will be noted that Spencer's denial of tenderness was written with his usual emphasis. The book is full of good things, and the authors, in spite of their subject, have produced an eminently readable volume, which is illustrated with a thoroughness which consorts well with the detailed plan of the whole. The appendix, giving a list of the wonderful collection of pictures gathered together by Charles I., will make a special appeal to the connoisseur.

"Nature in Eastern Norfolk," by Arthur H. Patterson (Methuen: 6*s.*), is a book with a self-explanatory title. Of the birds, beasts, and fishes it deals so comprehensively with, the author knows more than any of his readers can tell him, and that should be sufficient to make naturalists buy his book, which is not written without some knowledge of the uses of the language. But, for ourselves, the personality of the author offers most attraction. Belonging to what one might term the "Hugh Miller school of scientists," Mr. Patterson, who from his earliest days has had to earn his living, has, by his wonderful pluck and unswerving devotion to the one object of his life—nature study—added considerably to the sum of human knowledge. The author is unaffectedly modest, condensing his little autobiography into about a dozen pages, yet the book is worth reading for the sake of this—we wish, in fact, there was more of it. The nature enthusiast will read to the end of the book, and there is hardly a page in which the ordinary reader will not find something of interest.

When the late G. A. Henty died, a vacancy was left in the literary world which nobody seemed destined to fill. As a writer of stories for boys he had no equal, and, judging by appearances, it paid very handsomely. There is a much larger demand for fiction of this sort than most people are aware of, especially since Mr. George Manville Fenn has joined the ranks of the six-shilling novelists. We have, however, just received a promising story, "The Spurs of Gold," by Joseph Brown Morgan and James Rogers Freeman (Andrew Melrose), which seems everything a boy's book should be. The story is laid in "Lollard times," and concludes with a stirring description of Harry Hotspur's last great fight at Shrewsbury. The hero is, of course, a young man with ideas of his own, some of which concern a certain Lady Mabelle—one of the sweetest girls outside a confectioner's shop—whom, after passing through many perils and persecutions, he finally marries. In the course of the story the boy reader is bound to absorb a good deal of history, and, since this is done with so much pleasure, the results should be lasting.

G. F. J.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

"Claudius Clear"

It is inconceivable that any bookman requires an introduction to "Claudius Clear." Dr. Robertson Nicoll, in some, or all, of his numerous guises, has been so long a *personâ grata* in every room of books that, no matter how crowded our shelves, we must needs find space for any new volume of his, pack our old friends never so tight. "The Day Book of Claudius Clear" (Hodder: 3*s.* 6*d.*) is the latest work of his pen, and gives us an opportunity of renewing our acquaintance with some of those admirable essays which, in journalistic form, have already pleased our literary sense and enriched our knowledge of life. Dr. Nicoll, as we discover him in his writings, and in such a book as that under notice, is a curiously composite character, wherein the artistic temperament dwells in the friendliest relationship with shrewd common-sense, and these two characteristics are, as it were, the warp of an individuality in which a strong strain of mysticism forms the woof. There's my reading of "Claudius Clear"; you can make the best of it! This latest collection of his essays is further proof—if such were needed—that this, to me ever the most delightful form of literature, is by no means languishing, even in face of the frightful competition of the novel. With Mrs. Meynell, "Vernon Lee," Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Street, Mr. Nevinson, Mr. Lang, and "Claudius Clear," who shall say we lack exponents of the gentle art of essay writing? I am delighted to notice that Dr. Nicoll's previous book on the same lines, "Letters on Life," is now in its thirty-third thousand.

Stories of the Soil

Better any day than the "machine-made" fiction, no matter how well written, is an indifferently good novel of actual life, in which there is at least some of the salt of true character. But a well-written story that is sincere, and fashioned out of the writer's own experience and knowledge, is on a totally different plane. One chapter from either of two books I am about to notice is, from a strictly literary point of view, worth a good many—shall I say, "Sherlock Holmeses"? And yet there isn't a feature in common between the two novels, beyond the fact they both bear the impress of truth. "The Letter Killeth" (Partridge: 6*s.*), by Mrs. A. C. Inchbold, is a work which goes far to justify the critics who, on the strength of her earlier books, "The Silver Dove" and "Princess Feather," did not hesitate to compare this writer with Mr. Thomas Hardy. Womanlike perhaps, she quite lacks a touch of the splendid humour of the master, but her knowledge of rustic life is not greatly inferior, and her literary style is good, though certainly not so firm and expressive as that of her great model. The story, which is most ingeniously worked out, is laid among the Sussex Downs in the early years of last century, and deals with a phase of what is incipient religious mania, the most remarkable character in the book being that of Naomi, the young wife of an itinerating Wesleyan preacher, who is so obsessed by the missionary fervour that she comes well-nigh crushing out all human love within her, and is only awakened to a

sense of it by the jealousy which enters when her husband's affections seem to turn elsewhere. In every sense this is a strong, original story, and illustrates in most dramatic fashion the Biblical text, "For the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

An English Zola

The atmosphere of Mrs. Inchbold's story is utterly different from that of Mr. James Blyth's new novel, "Deborah's Life" (Nash: 6*s.*)—in which this really powerful writer takes us once more to those East-Anglian marsh-lands, whence he drew his earlier and much-discussed studies of "Juicy Joe" and "Celibate Sarah," though, happily, it is not worked out in the same atmosphere of unrelieved gloom as the first of these stories was. Mr. Blyth's method is frankly that of Zola's, and he has the great Frenchman's power of convincing the reader of the reality of his people as well as of much of his dramatic instinct, the love tragedy of his new story being quite his finest achievement so far. If one only reads novels to pass an idle hour, Mr. Blyth is scarcely an author to recommend; but for those who regard fiction as the most effective medium of interpreting mankind to men, he has much to tell that is deeply interesting and worthy of attention.

Smiles and Tears

It is most true that the font of tears lies close by that of smiles, but the writer who stops broad farce abruptly to "turn on the vatervorks" is clearly mistaken. That is my one complaint against Mr. J. J. Bell. He has an unhappy knack of developing a humorous, or a purely farcical, situation for a while, and then, when we are laughing, some imp of mischief whispers to him, "Now for the sentimental stuff," and he straightway gives it us. I protest. We don't want it; it is inharmonious; untrue. In some of his earlier short stories this characteristic is marked, and it is becoming a mannerism with him. Take the first tale in "Mr. Lion of London" (Hodder: 5*s.*) as an example. I can imagine what undiluted fun Mr. Jacobs would have made of the situation, which, by the way, is ancient immeasurably. A man in humble circumstances, who dreams of tasting for a brief spell the life of the upper classes, saves for the purpose £200, and while making an ass of himself, as he ought to do for our amusement, suddenly grows maudlin, and gives the bulk of his savings to a chance acquaintance at St. Enoch's Station Hotel, Glasgow; then "years pass," and—but you know what's bound to happen, and the snuffling that is meant to come at the end. Mr. Bell, this winna do! Besides, is it quite Scotch? Some of the other stories in this collection are free from the defect I mention; but, on the whole, one sees the mind of the author working regularly from a comic opening to a serious, or falsely sentimental, close, and that is not the business of the true humorist. J. A. H.

"The Sands of Pleasure"

On sociology bent, Mr. Filson Young, in "The Sands of Pleasure" (Grant Richards: 6*s.*), sets forth to tell us the truth about the pleasure-life of Paris, and the emotions of the members of a certain ancient, but not honourable, profession who inhabit that city. The theme is not new, but the author makes us see it through new eyes. He, whose experiences of the pleasures, coquetries, and excesses of Parisian life occupy the central and most important part of the book, has spent most of his youth on the wild Cornish coast, his home a storm-swept cabin, his occupation the building of lighthouses. He sees Paris with the impress of Atlantic foam fresh on his face, but he sees it as a man of thirty, not as a boy, and therefore his impressions are mature, and not callow ones. And he returns to the lighthouse, afterwards. Undoubtedly, the book is a fascinating one, because of the novelty, not of the scenes, but of the point of view of their chief participator, Richard Grey (of the Cornish rocks). Mr. Filson Young, the author, in this book, makes his début as a novelist, his previous works having been "The Relief of Mafeking," "Mastersingers," a volume of musical essays, and his admirable "Complete Motorist." He is not yet thirty, and has been on the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Mail*.

Mr. Filson Young

Whose first novel, "The Sands of Pleasure" (Grant Richards), just published, deals in three sections with a Cornish lighthouse, Paris, and a Cornish lighthouse. The middle part is, to put it mildly, realistic

Princes' Restaurant

Every week the West End seems to get busier, and, to judge by the number of carriages and motors outside tradesmen's premises, it is evident that Christmas shopping is in full swing. Princes' Restaurant continues to be the fashionable rendezvous for luncheon and dinner, and a delightful five o'clock tea is also served in the lounge. The Sunday evening concerts are an attractive feature of Princes', and even in the most unfavourable weather it is difficult to get a seat unless booked beforehand. The concerts are attended by many notable and fashionable people, and the music is of a high quality.

Sport of the Past Week

By H. S. SCRIVENER

Forwards—"Et Praeterea Nihil"

The fine old English heresy which insists on the three-quarters standing in close (and thereby reducing their own scoring power to nil), when confronted by opponents whose skill at the passing game is above the average, was trotted out again in all its glory at Blackheath on Saturday. Its futility has been proved over and over again, and especially of late, by our versatile and accomplished friends, the New Zealanders; but because Cardiff had the elect of Wales in her three-quarter line on Saturday, it had to be tried again. Of course, it is a check upon the passing game, but what is the use of

Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

Rosslyn Park v. Old Leysians at Richmond last Saturday

that when it opens a wide door to other methods of attack? As a matter of fact, it did something on this occasion to spoil the combined play of four such fine backs as Llewellyn, Gabe, Nicholls, and Morgan, but all the same Cardiff won by 4 goals and 2 tries to a dropped goal, which seems about good enough, doesn't it? And on the top of it all we must not forget that Blackheath have a really fine team of forwards, who play the sort of game which is demanded of forwards nowadays almost to perfection. They have my entire sympathy.

At Richmond—A Good Win for Rosslyn Park

Although Blackheath *v.* Cardiff may have been the *pièce de resistance* of Saturday, there were great doings at Richmond, and the Old Deer Park match, in which Rossyln Park defeated the Old Leysians, must not be overlooked. The Old Leysians were not at full strength, but still they have done so well this season (whether at full strength or otherwise) that their defeat, coupled with that of the Harlequins a fortnight before, is greatly to the credit of Rosslyn Park, who are fortunate in having a number of members—and capable members too—who recognise the importance of "turning out" regularly.

The Two Matches on the Athletic Ground

After a somewhat dull commencement, the Scottish *v.* Leicester match livened up considerably in the second half, during which there were some good combined runs, some neat goal-dropping, and other pleasing diversions. The first half consisted almost entirely of forward work, in which the Scottish, as usual, showed up well; but although they have gone further than most London teams towards the recovery of the lost art of close dribbling, they still kick a bit too hard. But for this, the rushes with which they continually gained ground would often have led to something more substantial. As it was, Leicester were the first to score, for after Jackson had dribbled the ball clear of a loose scrum, Matthews picked it up and passed to Braithwaite, who struggled over near the corner. A few minutes later the Scottish forwards worked the ball down, and a run, started by Wade and carried on by Hogg, was completed by Purvis, so that ends were changed with the scores level—a try apiece. Soon after half-time the Scottish took the lead through a clever piece of play by Walter, who, taking the ball from Arthur, passed it inwards again instead of doing the customary throw out to the wing, and another try followed as the result of smart passing between Arthur, Walter, Hogg, and Purvis, both these tries being converted by Geddes. A neatly dropped goal by A. H. T. Ross put the Scots still further ahead, and then the "Tigers," in response to repeated exhortations from their followers to "get a move on," played up hard. Their backs had plenty

of chances, but the centres spoilt them by boring the wing men on to the touch line instead of going straight. However, Bainbridge managed to follow Ross's example and drop a goal; and just before time the forwards were robbed of a sitter by losing the ball in a most unaccountable fashion after they had rushed it over the line. With Jackett, Jones, Hind, and Russell all away, Leicester are entitled to some credit for having made as good a fight of it as they did, while the Scottish backs are to be congratulated on the development of distinctly formidable attacking powers. While this match was going on, Richmond were playing another Midland team, Moseley, on the adjoining ground, and they may be deemed lucky, on the whole, in having drawn the match. In this case the play in the first half was the best. After half-time it became something of a scramble, although more scoring was done. One of the best things of both sides in Casuals *v.* Old Malvernians, especially the former, for they contributed their three crack halves, *en bloc*, to the Corinthian team, while the Old Malvernians supplied A. P. and S. H. Day. The result—a draw of 3 goals all—is one on which the Casuals, in the circumstances, may be congratulated. They had another team out against Barnes—one of the oldest Association teams in the London district—whom they beat by 4—0. This was a match of the genuine "old boy" type, with plenty of good honest charging, all taken and given in the utmost good-fellowship. In the first half, the Casuals would have scored several times but for the excellent goal-keeping of Glasier, for they were always attacking, and Gillespie twice came through and sent in shots that many a goal-keeper would have missed. However, after half-time, Evans got a fine shot home, and this was followed

Inter-'Varsity Racing at Roehampton

At Roehampton on Saturday was held the 26th annual Oxford and Cambridge cross-country race. Cambridge, at the finish, beat Oxford by nine points. A. H. Pearson finished first, his performance being reckoned by experts as the best on record for the course, which is a furlong shorter than last year. The second man, A. R. Welsh, is also a Cantab, the Oxonians being first represented by O. F. Huyshe, who came in third

the match was Alexander's fine attempt to convert from quite close to the line the somewhat lucky try by which Lawson had brought the scores level. A few more inches and Richmond would have been the winners of a game of which they by no means had the best.

The Corinthians and the Casuals

The Corinthians, whose mission in life it is to tilt more or less successfully against the leading professional teams, had a go on Saturday at Tottenham Hotspur, who were not deterred by the gravity of the situation from giving a few of their regular players a rest, and yet managed to win by 3 goals to 1. The Amateurs, to use the hackneyed phrase, had about as much of the game as their opponents, but, unfortunately, this does not count. Tottenham are virtually the leaders in the Southern League table, having won more matches than any other club included therein. One effect of this match was to weaken by three to Giliespie, the last from a centre by Blasson almost from the corner flag. On the losing side, Sulman, Parton, and the venerable Stagg made tremendous efforts to score, but Roper Barrett (who after all does not appear to have retired "for good") was pretty safe in goal, and the two backs, Wright and Greatorex, did all that was required of them.

Hampstead's Happy Hockey Team

Now that Hampstead have at last succeeded in breaking Staines' unbeaten record, which had stood, up to last Saturday week, ever since February, 1902 (Hampstead, on that occasion, likewise having been their conquerors), everybody will, I suppose, be striving to beat the beaters. Teddington had a pretty good try for it on Saturday, but Hampstead held their own and achieved a victory by 4—0. Teddington, on this occasion, were not up to their recent form when they only sustained defeat at the hands of Staines by 2—0, and made them go all the way.

Bridge: BY PROBLEMATICUS

THE PRIZEWINNERS OF OUR FIRST COMPETITION ARE GIVEN BELOW

£7 7s. in Cash to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of Marks in the Eight Weekly Competitions.

First Prize (each week): Two Guineas.

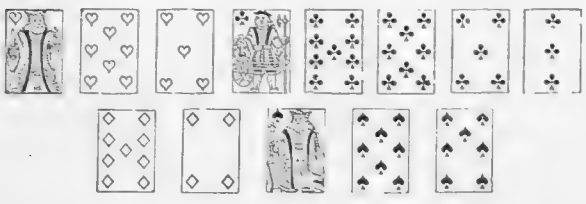
SECOND AND THIRD PRIZES: "BYSTANDER" Bridge Case, value £1 1s.

FOURTH WEEKLY COMPETITION

WHAT DO YOU DO AS DEALER, AND WHY?

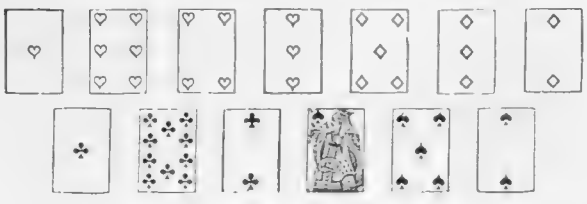
PROBLEM X.

Game-all: Dealer, 28; Adversaries, 22.



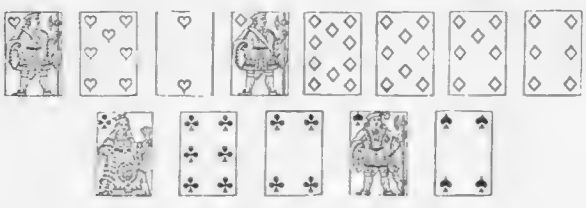
PROBLEM XI.

Game-all: Dealer, 12; Adversaries, love.



PROBLEM XII.

First Game: Dealer, 22; Adversaries, 12.



What You Have to Do

1. Herewith three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, if you think the right answer to a Problem is "Spades," take half a sheet of notepaper and write "Spades." After that, you write your reasons for the declaration.

2. Having written the answers to the three problems—with reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly, *and, in addition*, a *nom de guerre* under which your marks in the Eight Weeks' Competition may be published.

3. Having given your solutions of the week's problems in the method set forth above, then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines at the bottom of the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and pin this token to your solutions. These solutions must reach the office not later than the first post on Wednesday next, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked in the left top corner of the envelope "Competition."

4. Winners of a weekly prize are not eligible for another weekly prize *of the same value* during the Competition, though they are, of course, still eligible for the chief prize.

5. Competitors abroad, whose solutions reach us a reasonable time after the specified date, will nevertheless receive marks, and be eligible for prizes should they win them.

First Weekly Competition

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

The 1st PRIZE, Two Guineas, has been awarded to:

R. A. Jenkins, Esq., I.C.S., Westville, Linden Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, have been awarded to:

E. Nelson, Esq., Sleaford.

P. M. Shanks, Esq., St. John's School, Leatherhead.

EIGHT WEEKS' COMPETITION. — The following are the marks gained by competitors for solving Problems I., II., and III., in our Eight Weeks' Competition. Full marks, 15:—

14, Ranipet; 13, Auch, Horatio, Pelaw, P. M. S., President, Ray, Smitte, Vera; 12, Arzt, Bice, Bunch, Cardinal, Chess, Cholmelian, Domine, Erin, Fantôme, Hainault, H. M. G., Kirkland, Noel, Primrose, Rieton, Sepoy, Succory, Tarbet, Temple; 11, Ajax, Beechy, Bidean nam Bian, Blue, Bridget, Cherub, Dogger, Engineer I., Engineer II., Fluffy, Go Gently, H. A. W., Imp, Isabel, Jane Shore, Jet, Kirkbank, Martyr, Minatur, Mugwump, Norlands, Snider, Summer, Tar Wallah; 10, Addie, Belladonna, Black Diamond, Bulbs, Caermol, Captain Cuttle, Catriona, Chalet, Crackpot, Dunsmore, Lollypop, Mashie, Notloup, Quill, R. C. H., Rokeby, Sunny Jim, Taffy, Trixrl, Turquoise, Vengeance, Willimoteswick; 9, Aga, Ap Twn, Atholl, Binkie, Chieftain, Crossjack, Egbaston, Gazèka I., James, Kingsnorth, Kithogue, Lalla, Lang, Mannamead, Moth, Novice I., Ornom, Otis, Pelican, Special Scotch, Togo, Tom Tit, Ubique; 8, Albemarle, Buck Rabbit, Campo, Da, Danelly, Eblow, Fen, Garrison, Gawmain, Grove, Hockey, Hygiene, Norland, Peter, Pons, Poultry, Punch, Scalpel, Snoodles, Stumps, Sunshine; 7, Bradley, Cliff, Hope, Hythite, Kenneth, Loyal au Mort, Tansan, Title, Tylhus, Watadam; 6, Albe Austral, Candlelight, Falcon, Frau Pastorin, Fuchsia, Gazeka II., George Wills, Joker, Longbridge, Long Compton, Occasional, Waverley; 5, Angus, Barnwood, Carolus, Chip, J. G. M., Kathleen, L. S. D., Novice II., Pelham, Pernox, Shakespeare; 4, Bat, Camel, Cardata, Credo, Cruida, Cumtux, Ecclesiasticus, Harvey, Hated Rival, Irishman, John Colton, Le Pont, Lilly, Molor, Numeral, Rosina, Stine, Travis.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS I., II., III.

PROBLEM I.—No-trumps. The call is either hearts or no-trumps, and with a hand so much above the average, and three suits well guarded, you are quite justified in leaving the clubs to your partner, and calling no-trumps. You are much more likely to make game in no-trumps than in a heart call from four. *But if you are playing in very bad luck*, make a safe declaration in diamonds.

PROBLEM II.—No-trumps. This is purely a call to the score. At any other stage in the game, you would pass the declaration on such a hand, since it is only a little above the average, though it has three suits guarded. You do not require so very much from your partner to do well in no-trumps, since your hand will combine well with his, whatever strength he has.

PROBLEM III.—Leave it. It is, probably, a three-trick hand if your partner makes a red declaration, seeing that you have four in both red suits, and scarcely of less value should he call no-trumps. In clubs it is useful; and if spades must be called, it is better that he should call them than you, since they are less likely to be doubled.

A Woman's Note Book

I am beginning to think that the much-paraded necessity for valuable preparation before undertaking special branches of work is somewhat of a delusion. When one looks around and sees posts filled by the most unlikely personages, who are cheerfully frank in knowing nothing of their work, while others whom we might call specialists are crowded out of their own speciality, it certainly seems somewhat of a problem. What, then, are the conditions of success? Apart from influence, these seem to consist in a certain readiness and adaptability, sustained by an unfailing confidence in one's own powers—and, as a rule, where the powers are really above the average, this unfailing confidence is somewhat shaken. We talk much of the right man or woman in the right place, but I have known young women who really knew very little, obtain good situations as teachers—and keep them; and young men whose views on cricket were the only views they had, doomed to handle the masterpieces of literature all day and every day, except Sundays. Poor things! they hated it. The other day I went into a bookseller's shop, where I suffered much torture from the ignorance of the "assistant" (I think that is what they call themselves). It is true he was a smart salesman, anxious to press upon me what I did not want, and very emphatic upon the points where he was wrong; but of books, he knew nothing, and even his education as to prices and publishers had been sadly neglected. Yet I daresay he had been employed by booksellers for years. I read the other day a story of a lady who went into a bookseller's shop and asked for Browning. "I haven't got it, madam," answered the bookseller. "I make a rule never to stock any books I can't understand, and I can't make head or tail of Mr. Browning. Can you?" The customer asked for another book, without comment upon the salesman's mental limitations. "Have you Praed, then?" "Yes, madam," this sceptical person assured her, "I've prayed, and that don't help me."

But it is only individual cases of this kind that are funny Our universal habit of admitting incompetent persons to posts of all sorts, and our still worse happy-go-lucky method of thinking people are sure to grow into things with practice, is really the reason why we are getting behind other nations on many important points. Common-sense tells us that work of this haphazard style must be ill-done, and that training, to be thorough, should begin early, while that dreadfully convenient person who can "turn his hand to anything" ought generally to be regarded with suspicion. Besides, it is not a happy state of affairs for the workers either. People naturally hate work they do not understand and are forced to perform indifferently and unintelligently. There is no possibility of taking either pride or pleasure in such occupation. It can be nothing but a burden. That is why I wonder whether the "simple life," applied to the workers, might not bring some really great advantages. For it is not money or its absence in itself which creates the simple life, and it is well known that the English poor are generally most complex creatures. The simple life, its devotees explain, aims at doing away with many unnecessary etceteras. We might really, all of us, have time then to think of the things we are obliged to do; and thinking of them to some purpose would surely result in a more brilliant accomplishment. Also most of us would find *some* time in which to do nothing; and I can't help believing that this would prove an attractive and even useful part of the programme.

LADY PHYLLIS.

Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

The King's Prize Steer at the Smithfield Club Show, Agricultural Hall

Currants: SOME HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS COOKS

The tasty, but much maligned, currant is at last, it appears, to take its rightful place in the realm of foodstuffs, for, according to recent analysis, it has been proved that this insignificant little berry is really one of the most valuable foods at man's command. Currants are valuable as a digestive, and they contain an enormous amount of nutriment, being three times richer in the substances that go to sustain vitality than lean beef or mutton. When these facts are more generally known, it is probable that there will be a great increase in the export of currants from Greece, and it is said that the visit of the King of Greece a short time ago was not wholly unconnected with the promotion of the trade in currants between this country and his own. It may interest some of my readers, therefore, to have a few recipes in which currants form a prominent part.

Currant Bread

Two pounds of flour, two teaspoonfuls of salt, 1 oz. of yeast (German), and 12 oz. of currants. Sieve flour and salt, mix in currants with flour. Make a hole in centre and crumble yeast into it. Add half a pint of tepid water, then let it stand for fifteen minutes. Then add another half a pint of tepid water and knead for five minutes. Let this stand in a warm place covered with a cloth for thirty minutes, then make into loaves, and let them stand for twenty minutes. Bake in a moderate oven for about thirty minutes.

NOTE.—In households where bread is made by any different formula to the above, simply add to the dough thirty parts of currants.

A Biscuit Custard

Place a layer of sweet biscuits in a buttered pie-dish. Sprinkle plenty of currants on the layer. Nearly fill the dish with stewed apples, sprinkle again with currants freely. Beat an egg with a quarter of a pint of milk and pour over apples. Place some small Ratafia biscuits on the top and sprinkle with some grated nutmeg. Bake in a moderate oven.

Eccles Cakes

Make a good puff paste in the ordinary way. Roll into a sheet about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch thick, and cut the sheet into discs about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter with a plain cutter. Roll the discs out thin, lay them on a board, damp them over with water, and then thickly cover with currants mixed with a little chopped peel and sugar; gather up the edges and press flat with the palm of the hand. It should be a round cake. Roll it slightly with your rolling pin, keeping it as round as possible. Notch the cakes with a blunt knife, dust with powdered sugar, and bake in a moderate oven.

Rice Pudding, with Currants

(*A Nice Dish for the Nursery.*)

Half a pound of rice and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of currants. Wash the rice, tie it in a cloth, allowing room for it to swell, and put it into a saucepan of cold water; let it boil for an hour, then take it up, untie the cloth, stir in the currants, and tie it up again tolerably tight, and put it into the water for the remainder of the time. Boil for another hour, or rather longer, and serve with sweet sauce. For rice custards or puddings prepared according to any different formula, simply add the currants.

Currant Cake

(*Suitable for sending to Children at School.*)

Two pounds flour, 4 oz. butter or clarified dripping, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. caraway seeds, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pounded sugar, 1 lb. currants, a pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls fresh yeast. Rub the butter lightly into the flour, add the dry ingredients and mix well together. Make the milk warm but not hot; stir in the yeast, and with this liquid make the whole into a light dough, knead well, and line the cake-tins with strips of buttered paper, about six inches higher than the top of the tin. Put in the dough; stand it in a warm place to rise for more than an hour, then bake the cakes in a well-heated oven. Time—$1\frac{3}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours. If this quantity be divided into two, it will only take $1\frac{1}{4}$ to 2 hours' baking. Average cost, 1*s.* 4*d.*, sufficient to make two moderate-sized cakes.

The Menu: SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR A DINNER MENU

Clear Soup
Red Mullet en Casserole
Sweetbreads, with Oysters
Filet de Bœuf
Roast Teal or Wild Duck
Chocolate Soufflé
Cheese Straws

Red Mullet

Place the fish (as many as may be required, and small fish are best for this purpose) in a marinade for two hours before they are to be cooked, then wipe them and cook them gently in butter for ten minutes. Put a pint of thick brown sauce into a small stewpan, with a finely minced shallot, a large teaspoonful of anchovy essence, a wineglass of sherry, and a pinch of cayenne pepper; let it simmer for twelve minutes, then add a few drops of carmine, and strain it into a casserole, and add a teaspoonful of minced tarragon and chervil mixed, and a teaspoonful of parsley. Place the mullet in the sauce, cover the casserole, and put it into a moderately hot oven for ten or twelve minutes.

Sweetbreads, with Oysters

Quarter the sweetbreads, after they have been soaked and blanched, and put them in a stewpan with a little white stock, and the strained liquor of two dozen oysters; some pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste. Put 2 oz. of butter into a stewpan, stir and thicken it with flour. When the sweetbreads are stewed enough add the gravy; then, after a few minutes, add the oysters, stew till the oysters are heated through and plumped, but it must not boil or the oysters will harden. Just before serving add a wineglassful of cream.

Filet de Bœuf

Take 2 lb. of fillet of beef, cut it into neat round slices, lard them, and then slit them nearly in half. Make a farce of horse-radish sauce and macaroni, and place some of this mixture into the slit in each fillet. Glaze them, and let them sauté till done; serve them arranged in a circle with potato straws in the centre, and a good, rich, brown sauce round.

To Roast Teal or Wild Duck

A bit of soft bread soaked in port wine is sometimes put into them, but nothing more. Flour them well, baste constantly and plentifully with butter, and cook them for about twenty minutes, or longer if preferred well done.

Cheese Straws

Two ounces of butter, 2 oz. flour, 2 oz. grated cheese, one egg, salt, cayenne. Grate the cheese, and mix all the ingredients together with the yolk of an egg. Roll out the paste very thin, cut into straws, and bake in a quick oven for ten minutes.

EMILIA.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Ah me! It were better for those of us possessed of irrepressible Sybarite longings that we had never been born. The C springs and Down cushions of life, once enjoyed, become our taskmasters for ever after, and that which is even worse, they increase their exacting measures, and always seem especially persuasive what time Christmas is about.

Apropos of Down cushions, I know a drawing-room, belonging to a very Queen of Sybarites, where my metaphor anent cushions is actually realised, and in a way sufficiently remarkable and original to be worthy of description.

In length, these cushions measure a good thirty-six inches by twenty-five inches deep, so that two practically fill up the back of an ordinary six-foot Chesterfield sofa. They are covered in a delicate biscuit brocade, and only to sink into the depths of their luxurious downiness suffices for one's undoing. Reposing thereon, one is prepared to give up for all time—no matter the cost—anything approaching a strenuous life. What is it we are all fighting and struggling for, I wonder? And is there, perhaps, a reaction on the way, when we shall all cease from hustling, and the inveterate bridge-player be laid to rest? These thoughts, and more of a like easy speculative kind, were borne in upon me during a long afternoon spent among these Brobdingnagian cushions. It is good, indeed, to take a pause of this sort now and again, as much for one's mental as physical digestion.

A chic bolero. (Original design)

Is the Teagown Declining?

It has been whispered to me that it is, and that bridge is the cause, the bridge blouse and lace coatee having gained an ascendancy in fashionable favour that has very appreciably lessened the demand in the teagown realms. Well, let us hope this is merely a phase that will pass, for the teagown is the one really poetic garment left to us. Nor, to my mind, has it ever appeared under more enchanting auspices than at present, with its tendency to follow flowing Greek lines and achieve toga-like effects, towards which are chiffon velvets, Oriental satin, the heavier makes of crêpe de chine, and even cashmere requisitioned; the first hemmed with narrow lines of fur, the satins and crêpes embroidered, and the woollen stuffs tempered by a softening touch of lace that harmonises in tone.

A very delicate maize velvet model, destined for a big house-party, carries all round the hem and up the fronts a three-inch band of chinchilla; while the pale yellow net petticoat — which really only revealed itself as the wearer moved, as the fronts of the velvet dress were merely left unclosed—betrayed touches of delicate blue, provided by light ruches of tulle illusion. And yet another, verily a regal dream, was fashioned of Rose du Barri velvet, with embroideries of turquoise and gold on a sort of lace fichu.

"Imprevu" Effects

As to evening frocks, *La Mode* is surpassing herself in offering the most fascinating frivolities. A delicate coloured chiffon is charming, veiling an under-dress of silver or gold tissue, shot with a colour, usually some contrast to the chiffon over-dress. In this way wonderful sunset and moonlight similitudes are arrived at; and as these colourings prove such perfect hosts in themselves, modistes seldom detract attention by any busy construction. A dream of a little dance dress, in coral-pink chiffon, had the skirt laid in a series of deep tucks at the hem, intersected by folds of soft satin, a deep satin fold defining the hem, the simple corsage relieved by a filmy white lace, in which there occurred a suspicion of black thread. And to wear with the gown there was provided a loose cloak of black crêpe de chine, lined through with soft coral-pink satin. It is easy to picture the unexpected blaze of colour that would occur when the sombre fronts of the cloak were thrown open. Really quite a good

stage entrance, and the idea is open to endless variations, as I need scarcely point out. Also, I have no fear but that it will appeal with every persuasion to the woman who likes to make an impression in the lounges at Princes', The Carlton, or Savoy, since at these rendezvous the evening wrap is sufficiently *en evidence* to encourage both extravagant and original conceptions.

Vishnu

The law may legislate as it likes, and be as pompous as it pleases, but to the end will human nature hold a *penchant* to peep into the future. And deride it as you may, dear scientific *messieurs*, this craving to learn what fate has in store for us has been from time immemorial; from the days when the interpretation of dreams settled the destiny of nations. Lacking one source for living up to this tradition, there will inevitably crop up another, and certainly in the East the power and belief that the veil drawn before futurity can be pierced is as strong to-day as ever it was.

Whence the special interest that attaches to the so-called new game, just brought out by Hamley's, 202, Regent Street, entitled Vishnu. This was originated by a certain Mr. Cecil Campbell, whom a long sojourn in India has rendered conversant with a number of the Fakir's feats, among which is Vishnu. The oracle is wrought with a tumbler, placed bottom uppermost on a smooth board or table, on which four people place the tips of their fingers. Surrounding the tumbler, in a ring, are small square wooden blocks, comprising the alphabet printed in clear black capital letters. And the legend runs that the tumbler, moved under the influence of true believers, will answer any question truthfully, and without prejudice, spelling the answer out through the medium of the letters.

The new game of Vishnu
Just brought out by Hamley's, Regent Street

It is something to know that its pioneer firmly believes in the efficacy of Vishnu, and, anyway, it is assured of providing plenty of fun, apart from any more serious intention, during the winter evenings.

Nor is it at all surprising to find Hamley, of Ping-Pong and other fame, at the head of this Vishnu movement, and offering, moreover, the whole complement of apparatus requisite to evoke the oracle at *2s. 6d.* at any of the following addresses: 202, Regent Street; 512, Oxford Street; 59, Knightsbridge; 231, High Holborn; 35, New Oxford Street.

A Chic Bolero

Was ever daintier notion devised than that pretty coatee of chinchilla, the fur used the reverse way for the cape sleeves and the edge of the bolero outlined by a close, tight little ruche of tinted lace. The ermine collarette is an entirely separate affair, and hints the use that may be made of two ordinary narrow ties supplemented by a scarf of lace and tiny bows of black satin ribbon.

Shoolbred's Christmas Bazaar

More exhaustive than ever, as excellent in quality as ever, in fact, a show that cannot be surpassed anywhere, is the general verdict on the Christmas display at Tottenham House. And that which simplifies matters considerably here, and renders shopping a real pleasure, is the uniformity of arrangement, all the various articles being classified, and, so far as possible, placed in similar positions to former years.

In deference, no doubt, to the increased general attention bestowed on our Navy during the past twelve months, the supply of model boats at Shoolbred's represents quite a record show, comprising battleships, gunboats, every imaginable type of torpedo, submarines, and the latest thought in motor-boats costing only *4s. 6d.* A start, however, is made at *10d.*, a price that causes one to pause over the cheapness of clockwork.

Tumbelin is a game which makes capital fun, and may be enjoyed by young and old alike; while essentially for the little ones is an absolutely novel floor game, entitled Gallumpin Gollywogs. The new carpet croquet hits a peculiarly happy nail on the head, as does an original football game worked by means of knobs and trap-doors. The mechanical toys are always a great speciality at Shoolbred's, and the firm have verily surpassed all previous efforts in the collection they have culled together this year, and each season brings the prices down appreciably. The chief piece this winter represents four acrobats, who go through the most life-like contortions, and is a specimen of latter-day mechanism exclusively confined to Tottenham House.

Fancy Goods

Among the fancy goods the attractions are supreme, the most admirable taste prevailing throughout, together with moderate prices. Special attention must be called to a range of nickel-silver goods, with hand-painted pictures, these including such favourite fancies as a combination cigar and cigarette box, bridge cases, and writing-table accessories. A great and advantageous purchase also has been made of real silver manicure sets and work-cases, ensconced in velvet-lined cases, and these the firm are offering at incredibly low cost as a leading Christmas line. Anyway, it is a show worthy the best and most exhaustive investigation; and failing the possibility of a personal visit, then is there a catalogue to fall back upon, into which a wealth of the large stock is crammed, in illustrated form, supplemented by explanatory description.

FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

"VISHNU" The Occult Fortune-telling Game.

The latest Society craze. Both amusing and exciting. It will spell the answers to any questions you wish to know. It will tell you the date of your marriage, and if your lover is true, and it will tell you what your husband is doing. If in doubt with business matters it will advise you, and if in trouble it will help you.

Price **2/6.** Wood box and postage, **8d.** extra.

To be obtained from any of our Branches, or from all first-class dealers in toys and games.

HAMLEY BROS., LTD.,

Manufacturers of Indoor and Outdoor Games,

Head Warehouse (Wholesale & Retail), **86 & 87, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.**

LONDON BRANCHES:

202, Regent Street W. *(Opposite Conduit Street.)*
64, Regent Street, W. *(Piccadilly Circus.)*
512, Oxford Street, W. *(Marble Arch.)*
59, Knightsbridge, S.W. *(Near Albert Gate.)*
231, High Holborn, W.C.
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Exhibition of Antiques

AT MESSRS. DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY'S

Now that we are in the midst of that painful period when "Christmas novelties" flood the shops, it is no small pleasure to be able to turn from these ephemeral vanities to the agreeable galleries in Wigmore Street, where a collection of old English and foreign embroideries, brocades, and damasks is to be seen side by side with many charming examples of old paste, Sheffield plate, silver, Battersea enamels, Chelsea china, and some excellent antique furniture.

Example of Stuart Embroidery framed as a picture

The domestic applied arts, up to the end of the eighteenth century or a little later, are always interesting and generally beautiful. If one is looking for a gift for a friend of cultured taste, there is no better field to explore than that which holds the curios and arts of the past.

The embroidered pictures alone in this exhibition are extremely valuable and characteristic. Those of the earliest periods are often rather more remarkable for their historic interest than their beauty, although in all cases the colouring is very pleasant. We give an example of a remarkable piece of Stuart work, a picture thirteen by ten inches; but we must own that our photograph is far from doing it justice. No doubt this work represents some lady of good family who might, by an acute observer, be traced by means of some indication in the picture itself. A rather more favourite period with us is the eighteenth century, when the simple and graceful domesticity of the period is shown in these at one time forgotten examples of our great-grandmothers' skill. The second picture may not immediately suggest Moses in the bulrushes, but such is the subject; a generation that had only just got over playing the part of Ophelia in powder and a hoop found little difficulty with the costume of Pharaoh's daughter. From embroideries to samplers is an easy step, and here is a fine collection from the early seventeenth century until about the time of Waterloo, when the fashion no doubt died. Early in the nineteenth century the young were held firmly in hand, and the tendency of the time towards moral restraint is displayed in these works of good little girls. Some of the admirable sentiments that have been worked are now amusing by reason of their priggishness. One little girl has been made to sew on her sampler :—

Young ladies fair whose gentle minds incline
To all thats curious innocent and fine
With admiration in your works are read
The various textures of the Twining Thread
Then let your learning with unrivalled skill
Exalt the needle and grace the noble quill.

But, no doubt, she did so with mental reservations.

The other antiques in this exhibition will interest for an hour or two, and provide many more excellent presents than the modest giver would care to buy. It is a commercial age, so one word in the ear of the would-be buyer: if you purchase a good example of antique work, whether it be embroidery, Battersea, or silver, it will increase in value as the years go by.

E. M.

Eighteenth-century Embroidery picture "Moses in the Bulrushes"

Winter Season on the Engadine

Special arrangements are being made this year for the comfort and convenience of those wishing to travel to the Engadine. A new *train de luxe* service, composed exclusively of dining and sleeping cars, will run from Calais direct to the Engadine without change of carriage every Tuesday and Friday in December, January, and February. This train will run in connection with the Turbine Steamer Service (trains leaving Victoria and Holborn Stations at 11 a.m.), and the Channel passage between Dover and Calais will be made in about sixty minutes. Only first-class passengers, paying a supplementary fare of 29*s.* 7*d.*, will be taken by this train, which will arrive at Davos Platz in 24 hours and at St. Moritz in 26 hours from London.

Crowded London

The Parliamentary crisis, the Cattle Show, and Christmas shopping—to these three causes must be attributed the enormous inflow of people to London. All the leading hotels are packed with visitors, and the restaurants are nightly crowded with gay dinner parties. Dining in the Savoy Restaurant the Sunday before last were seen: The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, the Duke of Manchester, the Earl and Countess of Clonmel, Lord Clifford, Lord Cork, Countess de Reney, Lord Athlumney, Baron Rienwienwitz, Sir Charles Hartopp, Hon. A. Coventry, Hon. Cecil Brownlow, Hon. F. Thelluson, and Sir Thomas Dewar. Mrs. Ronalds was entertaining a large party, including the Marchioness of Blandford, Lord and Lady Saltoun, Baron Harold de Bildt, Captain Arthur Somerset, and Mr. McCormick (the American Ambassador to Paris)

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Novelty in Chinese Open-work Grass Lawn **Tea-table Cloths**, 40in. square, **22s. 6d.**, **25s.**, **30s.** each.

Real Austrian Blankets in Fancy Designs, 60in. by 80in., **22s.** each.

Box Footwarmers, covered in Moquette, **4s. 9d.** each.

Footstools in Brocade, Morocco, etc.

Motor Hassocks in Morocco, **6s.**

Novelties in **Waste-paper Baskets, Fire-Screens, Tea-Trays,** etc.

Indian Embroidered Table Covers from **6s. 6d.** to **63s.**

Indian Printed Bed Covers, **5s. 3s.** to **7s. 9d.** each.

Silk Cushions, filled with Down, in great variety.

Wrist Bags in Gilt, Steel, and Leather, new designs, from **5s.** to **63s.** each, including a smart collection of the New "Vanity" Bags, in all Leathers, fitted with Opera Glass, Fan, Mirror, and Puff.

Purses, Wallets, Cigar and Cigarette Cases, in Leather, from **5s.** to **25s.** each.

New "Sandringhams," fitted with Mirror and Puff, from **21s.** each.

Frames—A large assortment in Gilt Metal, Tapestry, and Leather, all sizes, from **1s.** to **35s.** each.

Fans—A most varied selection; Spangled, Hand-painted, Real Lace, Ostrich Feather, and Small Ostrich Feather Fans (the feature of the Season), from **5s.** to **£10** each.

Evening Bags, mounted or to draw. A very choice collection, Spangled or Hand-painted, very artistic, from **7s. 6d.** to **50s.**

Jewellery—A very interesting collection of Brooches, Pendants, Necklets, and Buckles in Paste or Enamel, from **2s.** to **£5.**

Tortoiseshell Combs in Sets; plain, and in a variety of handsome mounts, from **10s. 6d.** to **63s.**

Opera Glasses made to fold small. In Leather Cases; Cased Leather, **10s. 6d.**; or in Pearl, **25s. 6d.**

Necklaces in Pearl and the fashionable Turquoise, Amethyst, and Mother-of-Pearl, from **7s. 6d.** to **£5.**

Sachets for Nightdress, Handkerchiefs, and Gloves, Hand-painted, Empire style, or trimmed Lace and Embroidery, from **10s. 6d.** to **£5.**

A Large Collection of useful articles, comprising Vases, Inkstands, Caskets, Fitted Dressing Cases, Reading Glasses, Blotters, Lamp Shades, Flower Bowls, Work Baskets, and Tapestry Work Bags, at moderate prices.

A useful and varied assortment of cheaper articles suitable for Bazaars and Christmas Trees.

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TOTTENHAM HOUSE, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

Petrol and Politics

When the great C.-B. has constructed his Cabinet and played at power for a few weeks, we are to have the luxury of a General Election. Candidates are already canvassing their car-owning friends for help, and there is no doubt but that in nearly every constituency transit facilities will affect the polling. The political feelings of many a patriot slumber if he has to walk miles to the poll. Fetch him in a motor and he will nobly do his duty to his country and his Party. All over the country we motorists are going to help in the election of the Parliament before whom the next Motor Bill will come. Based, presumably, on the recommendations of the Royal Commission, it is to be hoped that it will be a satisfactory one. But hope is not much to go on, and it certainly seems desirable for motorists in combination to endeavour to get some sort of promise from would-be Members. It has been suggested that before any car-owner helped a candidate, he should ask him to promise to vote for a bill based on the recommendations of the Royal Commission. The one thing against this idea is that no one yet knows what the recommendations of the Royal Commission are.

A Quid Pro Quo

To my mind the chief evil in the existing bill is the speed-limit. To restrict cars to twenty miles an hour in open country is not common-sense. It is a regulation which every motorist breaks every time he goes out. In their endeavours to enforce it, the authorities have brought the law into disrepute, and have employed police methods which, to say the least of it, are un-English and opposed to common-sense. Remembering that this twenty miles an hour regulation has cost motorists thousands and thousands of pounds and not a little trouble, it would not be unreasonable to endeavour to alter it.

Lord Lonsdale and the Speed-Limit

At the end of last month the Cumberland and Westmoreland Chamber of Agriculture held a meeting at Carlisle. Motors, not turnips, were principally discussed, and Lord Lonsdale, who presided, gave his views on the speed-limit. "He did not agree," he said, "that a speed-limit should be confined to twenty miles an hour, because there was no greater safety at twenty than at thirty miles an hour; the difference in distance in which a car could be stopped at the two speeds named was almost negligible. He would limit speed in villages, or where there were houses, and would have warning signals at cross-roads, and all dangerous spots." This reasonable view of the matter is one that has become more general during the last few months. The General Election presents us with a chance of putting the matter right that will not probably occur again for years. Nearly every candidate will use cars during the election. It may be taken for granted

Photo by] **Admiral Percy Scott's Wolseley** [*Cribb, Southsea*

A "bicycle stable" has long been a regular institution on our battleships and cruisers. It is now developing into a motor garage, and occupies the flat between the boiler-room bulkhead and the cook's galley. The cars are shipped or landed by means of the boat derrick, which can hoist fifteen tons

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DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.
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PROTECTS FROM ALL INFECTION
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
THE NURSERY SOAP
4d A TABLET

that every car that is used to further the interests of a candidate will most of the time exceed the twenty-mile limit. Before motorists break the law in order to assist a candidate, they might well ascertain his views on the speed-limit. Common-sense ought to prevent car-owners from helping men into Parliament who will not agree to the raising of the speed-limit.

Ascertain His Views

It seems hard to add to the list of questions which candidates have to deal with — the poor things have quite enough to worry them as it is. The awkward Home Rule question haunts the would-be Liberal Member; he has to say one thing about it and mean another. His Tory opponent is not much better off; he has to be just so much of a Protectionist as will suit the pockets of his constituents. But motorists don't want platform pledges — a minute's private conversation with a candidate is sufficient.

would, of course, be altered. In their place would appear legends, such as "Chamberlain's Protection Plasters Cure Everything," or, 'For Fence Fittings, Try Balfour." As a political power, the motor-'bus has an undoubted future.

The Price of Petrol

The merchant who supplies me with petrol has raised the price. Charging now a penny a gallon more, he comforts me with the assurance that it has really risen twopence a gallon elsewhere, only as I am an old customer, etc., he treats me well. While the price per gallon makes little difference to owners of private cars, rumours of a rise in price must be exceedingly bad hearing to the managements of the various motor-'bus companies. They use a good many gallons a day, and they have, I understand, been getting it as low as 5*d.* a gallon. What will happen to them if a working arrangement is come to by the different producing companies? If the

The main entrance to the Grand Palais, Paris

The big French Automobile Exhibition opened here on December 8, and lasts till December 24

Motor-'buses and Elections

Four-in-hands frequently in the past played a part in country politics. As they are a little out-of-date now, it would be by no means bad policy for a candidate to import in their place a motor-'bus. It would not, of course, be necessary that he should drive it himself, although that would argue a clear head and cool nerve. A 'bus belonging to what Teddy Payne calls the "Mudguard" line was last summer timed by the Handcross police to do thirty-five miles an hour! The capacity of these vehicles for bringing lazy voters to the poll is, therefore, unquestioned. With a brass band occupying the top seats, the progress of the motor through the district would be sure to attract attention. Over the head of the driver a small pulpit and sounding-board could be fixed. From this vantage point the candidate could address his constituents whenever an opportunity offered. The inside seats could accommodate a number of enthusiastic supporters who would form the nucleus of every little meeting. Supporters who, knowing by heart the speech that was coming, would be sure and applaud the points. The usual advertisements

Vanguard 'buses run on petrol at 10*d.* a gallon instead of 5*d.* it will make a considerable difference to the profits. I had occasion last week to warn the investing public to be careful before they took shares in different motor enterprises. A possible combine amongst the petrol producers is a further reason for being cautious with regard to motor-'bus shares.

An "Arrol-Napier-Johnston"

A letter from Mr. S. F. Edge calls my attention to a mistake which occurred recently in these columns. A title belonging to one photo by an oversight was attached to another photo. As a result, a Napier car appeared labelled as an Arrol-Johnston. Since their success in the tourist trophy, most of us know the lines of the Arrol-Johnston cars; we all know the distinctive appearance of the Napier, so no great harm was done. In case, however, anyone should think that the Arrol-Johnston firm had been wicked enough to copy the outward appearance of the good green cars which Mr. S. F. Edge handles, this paragraph appears.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.

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The "Aquascutum" Coverall. Specially designed for Travelling and Motoring. Very large and roomy Sleeves. Can be worn over Furs. A most stylish Coat.

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(As Sketch)

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The Editor's Box

Waldorf Theatre

On the afternoon of Saturday, 30th inst., at the Waldorf Theatre, there will be presented for the first time an original New Year's play, in three acts, entitled *Noah's Ark*, in which certain incidents connected with a piratical cruise of that ancient craft will be depicted. The engagements so far settled for the production include Miss Madge Lessing, who will play the part of a little girl; Mr. Harry Paulton, who will be seen as a terrible pirate; Miss Agnes Thomas, and Mr. Herbert Sparling. *Noah's Ark* will be given at matinées only.

Garrick Theatre

Mr. Arthur Bourchier, in addition to the usual evening performance, will play *The Merchant of Venice* at the Garrick Theatre every afternoon during Christmas week and at special matinées on New Year's Day and on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday in that week. Later on, probably on the occasion of the 100th performance of *The Merchant of Venice*, he will present a souvenir of that play, which promises to be of great beauty, designed as it is by that celebrated artist, Mr. Charles A. Buchel. As soon as the rush of the Christmas holiday matinées are over, Mr. Bourchier proposes to give a special performance of the new version of Mr. Leo Trevor's military comedy, *Brother Officers*, in aid of the Queen's Unemployed Fund.

An Anglo-Indian "Bystander"

We must offer our congratulations to the reading public in Calcutta and India generally on possessing so admirable an illustrated newspaper as *The Empress*. We have no hesitation in saying that, in its production and editorial skill, *The Empress* is the best illustrated journal of Greater Britain. There is very little hat takes place in Anglo-Indian and native society, political, sporting, theatrical, and personal news, that does not find itself duly chronicled and admirably illustrated in *The Empress*, which is published monthly in Calcutta at one rupee.

Christmas Parcels

The London and North Western Railway Company have made complete arrangements for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of Christmas parcels in all the principal towns on their system, and all parts of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Special through vans will be run on the principal trains for the accommodation of the traffic, and additional delivery and collection services by parcel vans and carts between the Receiving Offices and the Railway Stations will be in operation during Christmas week. The reduced rates which are in operation are in no case higher than the rates by parcel post.

The "London Magazine"

Mr. Charles P. Sisley announces his intention of resigning the editorship of the *London Magazine* early in the new year.

New Church Paper

For some time past rumour has been rife of an approaching novelty in religious periodicals. Now it has arrived, in the shape of the *Layman*, a newspaper for the Laity of the Church of England, published at 27 and 28, Fetter Lane. It is of original size, printed, like the *Westminster Gazette*, on green paper, and eminently readable as regards the size of the type, and full of excellent news, comments, and reviews. It is priced at threepence.

Of Interest to Lecturers

The North Eastern Railway Company are this winter continuing the arrangement, made two or three years ago, of offering on loan for lecturing purposes sets of lantern slides illustrating the many charming holiday and historical centres through which their system runs. These are accompanied by readings on the subject, and are lent free of charge, on application to the Chief Passenger Agent, York.

A Central Toy Shop

While there is yet time to consider the purchasing of Christmas presents, let me remind town shoppers that one of the most central depôts for the purchase of Christmas cards, party masks, toy boxes, crackers, and other necessaries of the festive season, is that of "T. B. L.," King's Premises, Savoy Corner, Strand. A speciality of "T. B. L." are his envelopes of Tuck's Comic Christmas Cards, fifty for 1s., post free for 1s. 3d.; and also the big boxes of ten toys for 1s.

Headley Park, Hampshire

This property (which was the residence of the late Mr. Justice Wright) has just been sold, with its 500 acres, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of London; and we notice that the same firm are announcing the forthcoming sale of the valuable contents on December 20 and following days. Lovers of antique furniture and works of art will then have an opportunity of adding to their collections, as there are numerous examples of the Jacobean, Elizabethan, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Heppelwhite, and Sheraton periods; also some finely sculptured Italian marbles and old pottery vases, antique Persian rugs, books, silver and electro plate, wines, and pictures.

Ardath Tobacco Company

One is almost forced to admit that there is only one description of article which is in reality always acceptable to a man as a Christmas present. That article, it is needless to say, is something smokable. The Ardath Tobacco Company, whose productions for discriminating smokers are world renowned, have many admirable lines which would make most acceptable Christmas gifts. For instance, State Express "Astorias" (billiard-room size), which are packed in a most delightful manner in handsome padded eau-de-nil boxes, will appeal to your friend whose palate leans towards a cigarette of Virginia tobacco. If, on the other hand, you know that your friend likes a Turkish cigarette, there are the world-renowned "Quo Vadis No. 50," which can undoubtedly be classified as the most perfect Turkish cigarette ever yet produced. Another line which would make a most exceptional gift, and to which we would draw attention of the most high-class smoker, is the Ardath (King) Cigarettes.

Royal Favour for Mr. Louis Wain

Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of "Louis Wain's Annual for 1905," which the artist has had the honour of submitting to Her Majesty.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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